



No. 326.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



A PORTRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL NEVER BEFORE REPRODUCED.

A Copyright Photograph by Fred Spalding, of Chelmsford, from the Picture in the possession of Mr. E. John Harry, of Chelmsford

THE EARL OF CREWE'S WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



[Photo by Bulbeck, Strand.]

HOW WESTMINSTER ABBEY TITIVATED ITSELF TO GREET LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE
ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes. — Miss C. Wyndham.

Miss E. Rothschild.

Miss M. White.

Lady J. Lowther.



Lady C. Crewe-Milnes.

Lady Sybill Primrose.

Lady C. Crewe-Milnes.

Miss Louise Hirsch.

Miss Wyndham.

LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE'S BRIDESMAIDS.

[Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.]

THE EARL OF CREWE'S WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE EARL OF CREWE AND HIS BRIDE, LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE.

They were married on Thursday in Westminster Abbey, and lunched at Lord Rosebery's house, No. 38, Berkeley Square, where they were photographed by Mr. Thomson, of Grosvenor Street. In the afternoon they left for Welbeck Abbey, lent to them for a happy honeymoon by the Duke and Duchess of Portland.

CROMWELL IN PICTURE.

Several portraits of Cromwell are familiar to the public, including the one reproduced on page 19 of *The Sketch*, but never before has the admirable picture of the Protector which forms the first page of this issue been printed in any journal whatsoever. The picture passed into Mr. E. John Harry's possession in 1875, upon the death of Miss Hannah Lawrence, the venerable author of "London in the Olden Time" (two vols., London, 1825), and of several other books, as well as a regular contributor for many years to the *Athenaeum*, the *British Quarterly*, and other reviews. Miss Lawrence had desired to bequeath it to the National Gallery, but, some unforeseen difficulty arising, the picture reverted to her residuary legatees—two elderly maiden ladies of pronounced Royalist views, who refused on any account to hang a portrait of the arch-traitor on their walls. Mr. Harry, therefore, being Miss Lawrence's executor, privately purchased the picture, partly out of interest in the great Englishman whom it represents, but even more from love of his lifelong friend, the lady whose best-treasured possession it had always been. Miss Lawrence, who was over eighty at

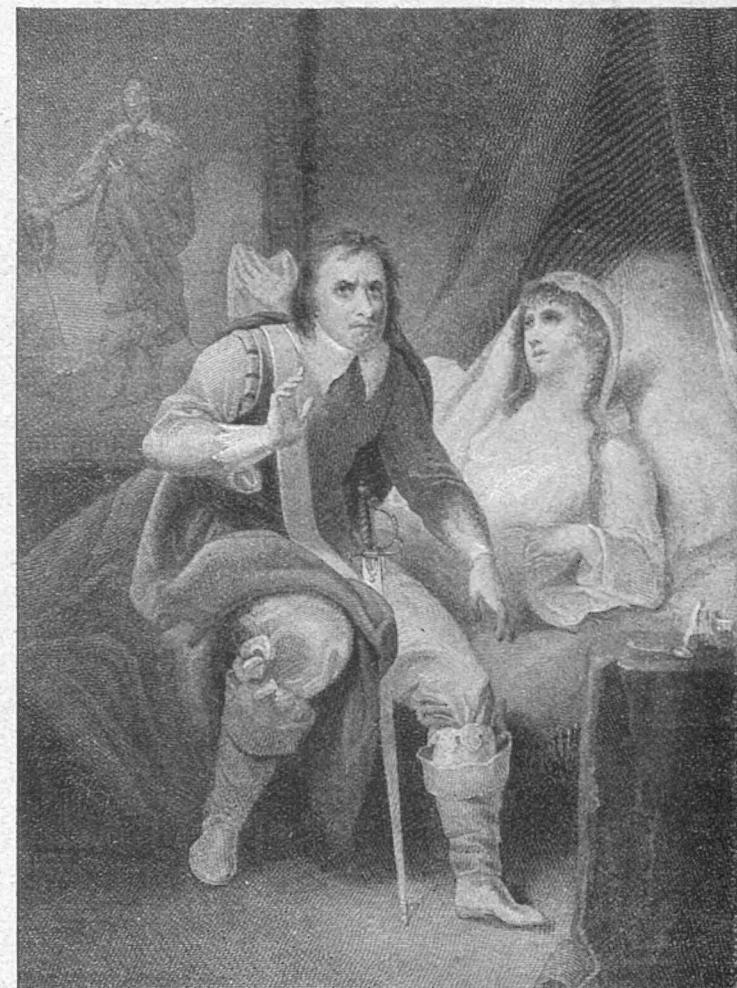
touched with grey. That of the National Gallery picture is of a rich chestnut-brown. Both of them represent a man free from overwhelming anxiety or care, and evidently some ten or more years younger than in the famous picture by Sir Peter Lely, painted in 1657, and now in the Pitti Palace in Florence. In all three the position, of three-quarter-face, is similar, although in the Lely portrait the head turns more to the left. It would be interesting to have the authorship of the present picture proved. Mr. Harry, who knows from his old friend that it was in the Stafford family from the time of Cromwell (her grandfather was born in 1728), firmly believes it to be a genuine Dobson, and as such it was, I believe, described when, in 1883, he lent it for exhibition at the Cromwellian Celebration inaugurated by the Rev. J. de Kewer Williams and the late Mr. Potts Brown, in the little village of Houghton, near Huntingdon. Even if considered as a seventeenth-century copy from a Cooper miniature, the painting has every claim to attention as a genuine contemporary portrait hitherto unnoticed. Even Sir Richard Tangye, among his famous collection of a



THE EMIGRATION OF CROMWELL PREVENTED.

CROMWELL CANARDS.

From Pictures by H. Trisham, published in 1798.



THE DAUGHTER OF CROMWELL URGING HIM TO REPENTANCE.

her death, was almost the last surviving representative of the old type of Dissenter. With Watts, Doddridge, and John Stafford, the race of early Nonconformists, cultured in mind, broad in sympathy, and of elevated intellect, died out, giving place to a later generation who stamped Dissent with a traditional narrowness. Miss Lawrence combined all these good qualities with considerable learning and a distinct literary gift. She acquired the portrait from her maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Stafford, minister for over forty years at the New Broad Street Meeting-house, where Mr. Harry's father succeeded him after an interval of thirty years. The portrait is not signed, but Miss Lawrence zealously preserved the tradition that it was a genuine work of William Dobson, the pupil of Vandyck, and the first English painter to distinguish himself in the art of portraiture and historical representation. Dobson died in 1646, so that, assuming him to be the artist, it must have been executed at a time when Cromwell was known only as Lord-General of the Army. The picture, however, bears a very strong resemblance to that "by a Painter Unknown" in the National Gallery, and which is described in the catalogue as an enlargement from the miniature by Samuel Cooper, now owned by the Duke of Buccleuch. Certain differences are apparent in the treatment of the armour, which in the miniature is left entirely blank, and in the colouring of the hair. The present portrait shows hair of a light flaxen or yellowish-brown, slightly

hundred and fifty portraits of the Protector, does not possess so large and important a work in oils. The picture in the National Gallery which it so much resembles is a few inches less in size, the canvas owned by Mr. Harry measuring two feet six inches by two feet two inches.

C. F. S.

THE BRAVERY OF THE "BUFFS."

The decision to recognise the gallantry of the little party of the "Buff" who so gallantly conducted themselves at Bilot during the Indian Frontier campaign is one to be commended. A section of twelve men, under the command of a lance-corporal, was, during the evening of Sept. 16, 1897, sent to Bilot, and but for their bravery, it is almost certain that General Jeffreys and his little party, who had got separated from the main body, would have perished. Two men of the "Buff" were killed and five wounded during the night, yet, while the two officers of the Engineers who were with the General received the Victoria Cross, the "Buff" have till now got nothing but the honour of a mention in despatches by Sir Bindon Blood. However, this is to be remedied. The lance-corporal is to have a "V.C." and four of the others get distinguished service medals. The company of Bengal Sappers who were also at Bilot should not be forgotten.

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ALL 1896 VINTAGE.****VEUVE MONNIER ET SES FILS.**

1889, 1892, and 1893 Vintages.

790 Cases	Bottles	SPECIAL CUVÉE, 1889.
2500 "	Bottles	SPECIAL CUVÉE, 1892.
500 "	Half-Bottles	
2500 "	Bottles	CARTE NOIRE, 1892.
1000 "	Half-Bottles	
1500 "	Bottles	SPECIAL CUVÉE, 1893.
350 "	Half-Bottles	
1500 "	Bottles	CARTE NOIRE, 1893.
500 "	Half-Bottles	

The 1892 and 1893 Vintages are recognised as being the finest during the last 15 years, and are increasing in price very rapidly.

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7450 DOZENS HIGH-CLASS CLARETS.

All 1896 Vintage.

CONSISTING OF

850 Cases	Chateau Latour, Grand Vin	<i>Bottled at the Chateau.</i>
1500 "	Chateau Gruaud Larose	<i>Bottled at Bordeaux.</i>
500 "	Chateau Leoville Barton	<i>Bottled at Bordeaux.</i>
700 "	Chateau Pontet Canet	<i>Bottled at Bordeaux.</i>
1500 "	Chateau Latour Carnet	<i>Bottled at Bordeaux.</i>
2400 "	Crû Clos Fourtet	<i>(this being the entire growt.) Bottled at Bordeaux.</i>

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THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

To most people, if not to all, “A Day Off” is bound to appeal. The average man is content to work hard throughout the winter, but in spring, summer, and autumn he is delighted to take a day off. If business does not permit, he can, at least, go when work is over to participate in the amusement from a comfortable seat in the Alhambra. There he will find the day off arranged for the benefit of all whose holiday-time is yet to come. Although the programme describes this bright, mirthful entertainment as a ballet, it is, in truth, more like the mixed entertainments in vogue so long at the Gaiety. Add two or three topical songs, and all difference would disappear. There is a story. Somebody took a day off in order to travel by steamer to Boulogne and enjoy the fun of the Casino. Towards the end of the day he got into trouble, but was rescued by his wife, his son, his office-boy, and their friends. All had gone for the same holiday. There is very little plot in this, and yet there is sufficient for much fun and plenty of spirited dancing, for frequent changes of pretty costume, and for the development of several topical ideas. Moreover, “A Day Off” passes very rapidly, and is so quickly played that no incident exhausts its power of pleasing. Certainly, this is not ballet, mythological, pastoral, or dramatic; it is a species of variety entertainment akin to burlesque, well put together, and played with the dash and spirit that has characterised the Alhambra stage since Mr. Wilson was appointed stage-manager. If a trip to Boulogne could be made as exhilarating as it is at the Alhambra, half-a-dozen new fleets of cross-Channel steamers would be insufficient to meet the popular demand, and, if half the people who crowd to Leicester Square will take the journey, traffic-managers will rise up and call Mr. Slater blessed.

The dancing is very good. Miss Casaboni, as La Belle France, has some pretty work, and overcomes the obvious difficulty of dancing in high-heeled shoes; the eccentric dance by Rose Bachelor and Charles Raymond is clever in conception and execution. Miss Julie Seale and Miss Clara Taylor make capital boys, and four French soldiers, presented by the three Almontis and Mr. Artelli, will make everybody laugh, though they would throw M. Lucien Millevoye into a column of journalistic hysterics. The music, if we except a few passages from “The Belle of New York,” is from the pen of Mr. George Byng, who has accomplished a difficult task with much taste and discretion. He has been called upon to treat “A Day Off” as though it were an orthodox ballet, to supply a musical setting to conversation that has not the faintest relation to operatic recitative, to satisfy an audience accustomed to continuous and vigorous music at a time when the brass and percussion instruments are forbidden. It is no small praise to say that he has been as successful as his fellow-workers. “A Day Off” is something to see and hear with pleasure, and no doubt Londoners will flock to Leicester Square to enjoy it.

S. L. B.

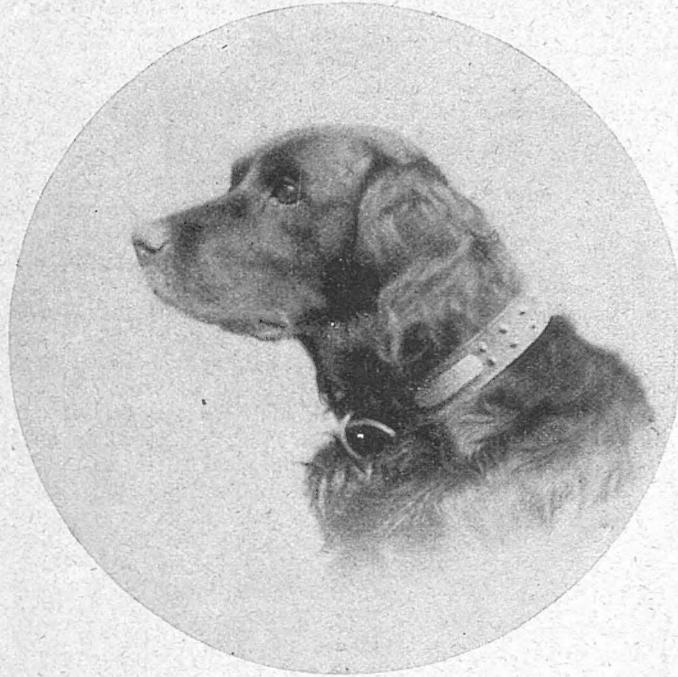
A PIGEON POST.

The ways of the would-be inventor are indeed beset by difficulties that spring up in the most unexpected manner. Many of my readers, no doubt, have heard of the system recently elaborated by some of the officials of the French Transatlantique Company for enabling passengers to communicate with their friends on shore by means of carrier-pigeons, several days after the vessel had left port. The passengers were to be supplied with cards the size of ordinary post-cards, on which they were to write their messages in as clear a handwriting as possible. Fifty-four of the cards thus written were then to be placed in a rectangular frame, of which a dozen tiny photographs were to be taken on films about two inches by three inches. The twelve films, which, of course, were identical, having been attached to twelve carrier-pigeons carefully chosen by a long process of selection, the birds were to be set free, and it might be taken for granted that at least one of them would arrive safely at the pigeon-house on shore. Once there, there was no more difficulty, all that was necessary being to detach the little tightly rolled film from the bird, enlarge it by the ordinary photographic process, and despatch the fifty-four messages to their respective destinations. The problem might be regarded as solved. Only the minor arrangements remained to be settled. “How ingenious!” everyone said.

As a matter of fact, the pigeons have performed their share of the business splendidly. Unfortunately, however, one factor, but that an important one, had been omitted from the calculations of the inventor. He had forgotten that steamers not only have a most unpleasant habit of rolling and pitching bodily, but are also in a perpetual state of internal trepidation, caused by the everlasting thumping and grinding of the machinery. The camera, especially when called upon for any extraordinary effort, resents these combined motions almost as much as does the human stomach and brain, and it was found that most of the photographs of the writing taken under such circumstances had such a drunken, shaky aspect, that not all the experts in France could decipher their signification. The experiments, therefore, will have to be continued. It is hoped that by employing a camera that will take the photographs in the smallest fraction of a second, the disastrous effects of the various motions of the vessel will either be obviated entirely or at least reduced to an inappreciable minimum, not sufficient to interfere with the legibility of the writing. *Qui vivra verra!*

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Samoan trouble has cost us at least one gallant officer, Lieutenant Angel Hope Freeman, of the British cruiser *Tauranga*, who fell during the fighting at Vailele on April 1. A British and American force was surprised in an ambuscade by Mataafa's followers. A bold stand was



THIS GORDON SETTER, ROY, WAS THE DEVOTED FRIEND OF LIEUTENANT FREEMAN.

made, but a machine-gun became jammed, and the British and Americans were forced to retreat to the beach. Lieutenant Freeman was shot through the heart. With him fell two American officers, Ensign Moneghan and Lieutenant Lansdale. The dead had to be left on the field, and were decapitated by the Mataafans. The bodies and heads were afterwards recovered by French priests and buried on Easter Sunday. Mr. Freeman was a very popular and capable officer. He entered the Navy as a cadet in 1877. Two years later he became midshipman; in 1887 he was promoted lieutenant. As a midshipman on board the *Monarch*, he took part in the bombardment of Alexandria, and served through the Egyptian War, winning the Egyptian medal, the Alexandria clasp, and the Khedive's bronze star. Off Barbadoes, while serving on board the *Tourmaline*, Lieutenant Freeman saved a petty officer named Roe from drowning. During a regatta, the pinnace of the *Comus* capsized two miles from shore, and Mr. Freeman jumped from the picket-boat into water infested with sharks to Roe's assistance. For this act he was awarded the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal. The "cute" little Gordon setter, Roy, whose portrait I give, was the unfortunate lieutenant's favourite and faithful shipmate for many years.

Whether Mr. Pinero took the name of his "Gay Lord" from Quex Road or Quex Park, I cannot say (writes a correspondent), but the family which gives its name to a part of Birchington is a very ancient one in the county of Kent. The Quexes figure in the parish register in various forms, for mediæval spelling has always a charming variety. "Quyck," "Queyk," "Le Queke," these are some of their different appellations. The house of Quex, however, so far as its male representatives are concerned, died out with one Richard Queke, who departed this life in the second half of the fifteenth century, leaving as his heiress his sister Agnes. In 1485, this female Queke, or Quex, was married to John Crispe, of Stanlake, Oxfordshire, and the Quex estates remained for centuries in the hands of the Crispes.

A descendant of Agnes Quex, one Henry Crispe, made Quex a place of considerable importance in the time of good Queen Bess. He was styled, with respect to Thanet, "Regulus Insulæ," and was one of those Kentish "notables" whom Elizabeth commanded to meet the Margravine of Baden, daughter of the King of Sweden, when she landed at Dover in 1565. The name of this descendant of the ancient family of Quex also figures in a report on the condition of the Cinque Ports made in 1568, and to him was entrusted the selection from the prisons at Sandwich and Dover of such freebooters as he thought might serve her Majesty in Navy or Army.

Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, whose new book, "The Ipané," has been a good deal talked about during the week, has gone, it is believed, to the West Coast of Africa on a semi-commercial mission. The district is not unknown to the vivacious democrat, who made arrangements before leaving for the payment of a ransom should he again be taken prisoner, and his experiences are sure to furnish material for another volume. Mr. Cunningham Graham, or King Robert IV., as

one of his compatriots and brother Social-Democrat claims as his rightful designation, verifies in himself the truth of the saying that the prophet has no honour in his own country. Not long ago, a cyclist in the Trossachs was impressed with the regal dignity and graceful mien of an equestrian he met, who turned out to be none other than the Laird of Gartmore. "Rides well, doesn't he?" he remarked to a countryman, who replied, "Yess, yess, ou ay; but he's daft." A look of surprise on the part of the questioner evoked something like an explanation. "He talks to that horse as if he was a human being—hump! Besides, he will be speaking to every man he meets on the road. Now, just look at Mr. ——; there's nane o' that kind o' nonsense about him; he goes by and takes no notice o' ony man, and if ye lift yere kep he gies ye a nod, and on he goes. But you fellow, he's no man'atal, atal."

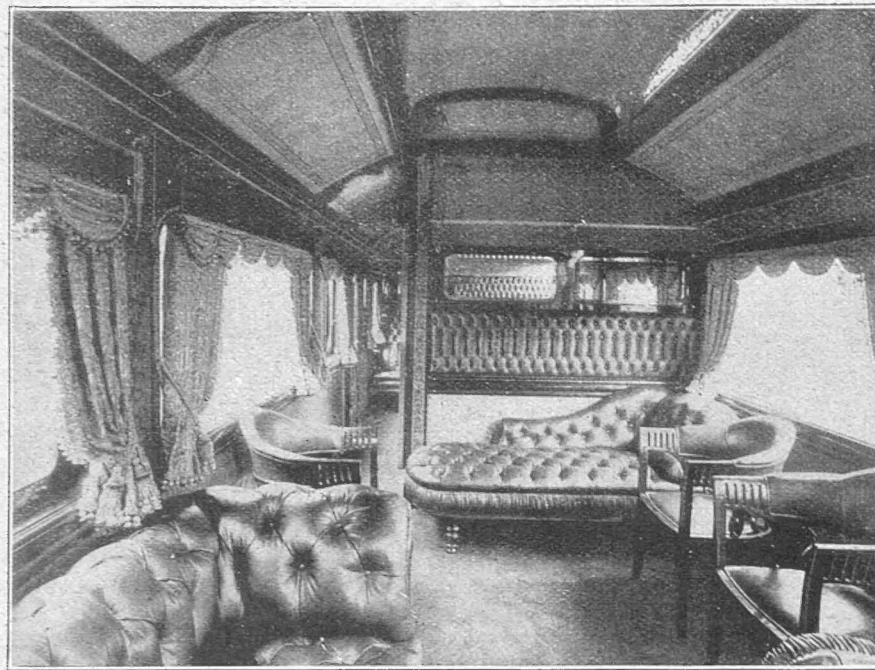
A banner, deposited some months ago in the National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh by the Clan Mackay Society, is responsible for the revival of the hereditary feud between the Clans Mackay and Murray. The Clan Mackay claim that the banner is the ancient war-flag of their race—a tawdry piece of silk, it is true, but, in their eyes, a cherished relic, and pregnant with warlike sentiments and reminiscent of deeds of heroism. They allege it bears the quaint motto, "Derb diery and tent to the end: be treu"; which, rendered into English, means, "Prove thy heart and take heed to the end: be valiant." This rendering seems to have been confirmed by British Museum authorities, and a pretty legend, illustrative of Highland manners in the olden time, is quoted in explanation of the motto. A chief of the Mackays, early in the fifteenth century, so the tale runs, had a son who was educated in the Low Country, and, on his return to the paternal roof, the father, wishing to test his mettle, shut him into a room with a savage boarhound, which was promptly dirked by the valiant youth. The overjoyed father strained the boy to his breast, ejaculating in Gaelic, "Dearbh dhu fail do Chridhe," which may be translated, "You have proved [or tested] your heart's blood"—hence the motto. The Clan were justly proud of the recovery of this precious relic, and, at a great gathering of the Mackays in Glasgow, it was unfurled amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The publicity thus obtained had an unfortunate result, for a descendant of the hereditary enemies of the Mackays claimed the trophy as the symbol, or banner, of investiture of the Grays of Skibo—for centuries Constables of the castle recently purchased by Mr. Carnegie.



LIEUTENANT ANGEL HOPE FREEMAN WAS KILLED IN SAMOA.

He declared the banner had the Grays' arms—the lion rampant and thistles—and that the motto believed in by the Mackays was nonsense, giving as his version the old Scotch proverb, "Verk visly and tent to the end: be treu" ("Work wisely and take heed to the end: be true"). Heralds and savants make pilgrimages to view the banner.

The Royal Family has been equipped with a new train by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company. The three principal carriages of the train can only be described as luxurious drawing-rooms on wheels. Of course, the prize for beauty of design and the acme



THE PRINCE'S SALOON.

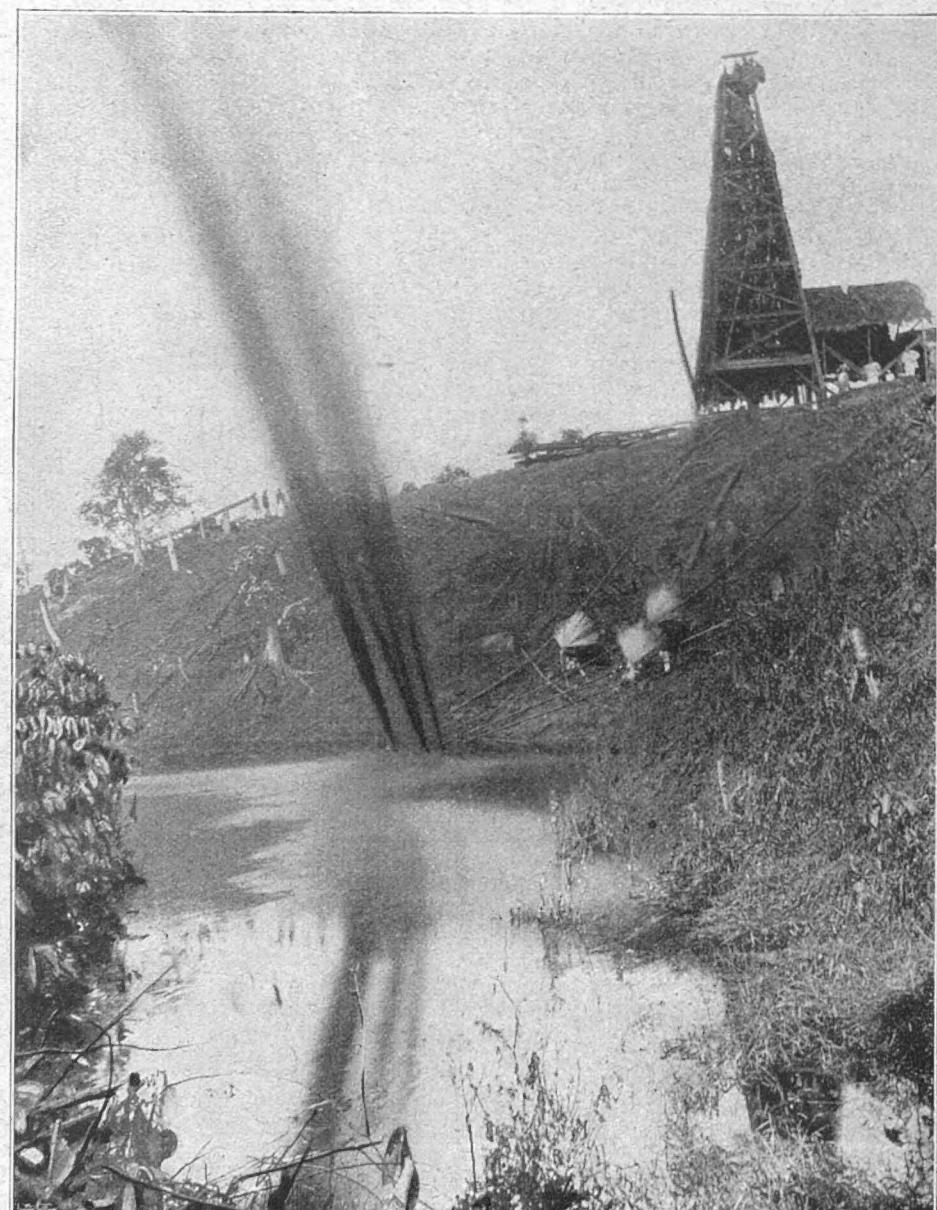
of artistic decoration must be given to the central carriage, for that is destined for the special use of the Prince and Princess of Wales. To say that it is worthy of their Royal Highnesses is to award it the highest possible praise. The carriage consists of two saloons, that set apart for the Princess having a length of nearly twenty feet, while the Prince's compartment measures fourteen feet eight inches. The two saloons are divided by a sliding door, and at each end is a compartment for the use of attendants. On being consulted as to the upholstering of the furniture in the saloons, their Royal Highnesses made choice of a plain dark-green morocco, and this harmonises in a most effective manner with the other decorations of the cars. The scheme of decoration is not lacking in symbolism, for, while the Prince's crest and motto may be seen on the top windows of the saloons, the rose, shamrock, and thistle figure in the exquisite inlaid panels.

When Mr. R. J. Billinton, Superintendent of the Locomotive and Carriage Department, was instructed to prepare designs for the new train, £8000 was placed at his disposal, and the total cost has but slightly exceeded that sum. Of that amount, nearly £3000 has been expended on the royal carriage, and Mr. Billinton may be cordially congratulated on having achieved such a superb result for such a moderate outlay. Of the other four carriages which go to make up the complete train, two, one at each end of the royal saloons, are intended for the use of the suite, and, if these have not been so lavishly treated as the central carriage, they yet touch the high-water mark of train-building. Each of these carriages is also divided into two saloons by means of sliding doors, and the chief point of difference between them and the royal compartments is in the substitution of fixed sofa-seats for the movable easy-chairs which are a prominent feature of the latter. Two brake-carriges complete the full train, and in one of these is a dynamo, worked from the bogie wheels, which feeds the seventy electric-lamps with which the saloons are fitted. At the present time, there are only two other companies (the Great Western and the North-Western) which have special Royal Trains among their rolling-stock, and these were provided for the use of the Queen.

Paraffin-wax candles and the extreme North-Eastern frontier of our Indian Empire appear, on first reflection, to have but little connection with each other. The Digboi oil-wells, however, situated in a remote corner of Assam, turn out, with their present small refinery and plant, twelve hundred of these candles daily, and should, in the course of a few years, be capable of meeting any demand for oil and wax that is likely to arise. Recent drilling operations, indeed, afford conclusive evidence that the territory may be made to yield at least five hundred thousand gallons a month of petroleum of excellent quality. There are now four wells at Digboi,

which are represented in the illustration at the moment of their annual inspection by the Chief Commissioner of Assam, who may be seen standing in the background with his staff and the officials of the company. The spectacle of four jets spouting black oil to a height of seventy feet supplies a striking picture of the resources of these wells. The oil falls into a natural reservoir, one end of which is artificially dammed up, and the supply is considerably in excess of the capacity of the existing refinery to work off; a suitable refinery on a larger scale is already in contemplation. The enterprise has been pushed forward in the face of great difficulties and at great expense. Now that these difficulties have at last been successfully overcome, the prosperity of the Assam oil-wells is assured, and the pioneers of the undertaking have every likelihood of reaping a rich harvest for their arduous struggle against malaria and jungle.

Mr. Thornehill's "Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official" (Murray) is a refreshing change from the ordinary run of books dealing with life in the East. His haunts are his garden and the riverside; his hobbies the study of that wealth of life always to the Anglo-Indian's hand, and the "pumping" of communicative natives. The average white man in India knows the compound about his house as a desert which ought to supply the stable with grass, and the sphere of idleness allotted to that usually idlest of retainers, the *mahli*; Mr. Thornehill shows that the man with eyes to see may find it a fruitful source of pleasure. You don't look for flowers in an Indian garden—not many, at least; but you can rely on finding rats, squirrels, crickets, spiders, and ants, and may study the manners and methods of the teeming population with more amusement than the uninitiated might suspect. Mr. Thornehill has made a very readable book out of his garden and official tours, and it would have been not only more enjoyable, but had possessed real value, if he had kept his notes more carefully. As it is, they have a disappointing habit of ceasing at the most interesting stage, whereby we are left in possession of accounts of insect industry often incomplete. It is rather surprising to find the author writing of "alligators" in the rivers of Hindustan.



PARAFFIN BEING PUMPED OUT OF THE DIGBOI OIL-WELLS IN ASSAM.
Photo by Mr. Sherwill, of Powat.

Writing about the portrait of the Pope's new Astronomer, a correspondent says—

The Pope's observatory really owes its establishment to Father Denza, who rescued the large collection of astronomical and meteorological instruments that were sent as a memento of his Holiness's Jubilee in 1883. There had been an observatory in the Gregorian Tower of the Vatican since the time of Gregory XIII., who founded it for the correction of the Calendar. It lasted until the beginning of this century. In a few months, Father Denza, with his wonderful activity, implanted the equatorial telescope and the passages instrument, both taken from the well-known observatory of the Prince of Montecuccoli, the meteorological instruments enregistreurs constructed by Richard, the most perfect which for the first time came in Italy, and soon the observatory began its regular work. But Father Denza was not satisfied with these achievements: the use of photography, which created such a great revolution in the methods of astronomy, induced Denza to think about the construction of a photographic observatory. In spite of the opposition made by the Italian Government, he succeeded in getting the Vatican Observatory appointed photographer of the stars at the International Congress of Paris in 1889. For that purpose the Leonina Tower was used. It was built by Leo IX., a thousand years ago, in order to defend Rome from the Saracen incursions. This tower is very adapted for astronomical observations, on account of its solidity and of its being situated in the Vatican Gardens, outside of the town. A photographic equatorial, constructed by Gantier, of Paris, was there implanted, and since then photography of the stars is carried on with great activity and accuracy. While Denza was considering the project of a new correction of the Calendar, according to the desire of some great astronomers, he was struck by apoplexy, and died on Dec. 14, 1894. After his death the life of the Vatican Observatory seemed to be suspended until the election of its new Director, Father Searle, who has been lately appointed Astronomer of the Pope.

Monday was the 104th anniversary of the death of James King, the young officer who accompanied Captain Cook on his fatal voyage as a "competent astronomer" for his expedition. At the moment when Cook was done to death by the natives on whose coast he had landed, Captain King was taking some observations not far away. He had only a few sailors with him, and he and his little band had to fortify



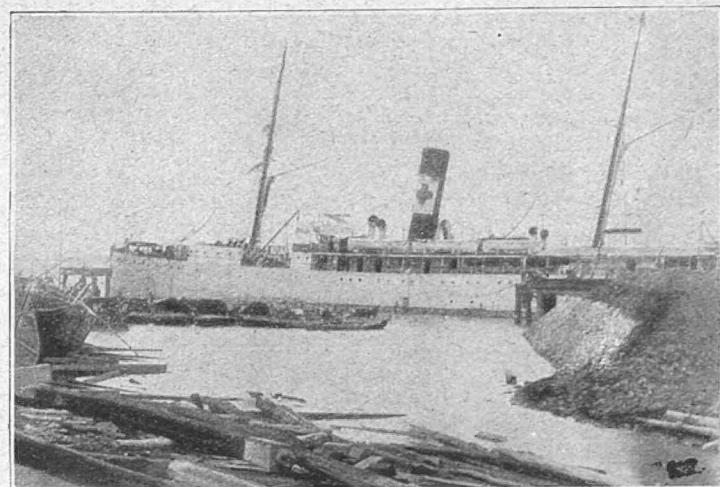
THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN COOK'S BIOGRAPHER, AT WOODSTOCK.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

themselves in a burial-place close by and keep the natives at bay until a relief party came to the rescue two hours later. Two years after he escorted a convoy of five hundred merchant-ships to the West Indies. The task was successfully accomplished, but at the cost of a head of premature grey hair. Broken in health, he returned home to assist in the preparation of Cook's journal of the third voyage, the concluding volume of which was entirely his work. If I remember rightly, there is a tablet to his memory in Clitheroe Church, where his father was curate; it is certain there is such a memorial in the church of Woodstock, wherof the photograph is an indubitable witness.

Old-fashioned schoolmasters must pale with horror when they hear of the movement that is going on in France in favour of the new-fangled theory that incorrect spelling is one of the most venial faults anyone can possibly commit. The campaign is finding recruits in the most unlikely quarters, in the very innermost circles of the University itself. Learned Professors are not frightened to declare that etymology, which is invariably invoked by the opponents of the reform, is an "absurd fetish," and that the sooner words are spelled exactly as they are pronounced, the better for everybody concerned. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries nearly ten thousand "parasitic" letters had been gradually eliminated, and it was only at the commencement of the present century that the Universities checked the movement. If, as seems likely, the advocates of the reform have their way, the future path of the average French schoolboy will be delightful. A circular issued by the Minister of Education, nearly eight years ago, instructed examiners not to count as mistakes certain infractions of what the circular described as merely "academic rules," but to accept the spelling of candidates as correct "every time logic is in their favour against mere custom." Should a boy, for instance, cleet to consider "exceptions" as merely academic subtleties, and to make rules for himself, he is to be paternally patted on the back and given full marks. It would be rather curious to see how such a system would work in this country, and what would be the standard adopted of "logical" spelling. Would it be the

standard of the Old Kent Road, of the Black Country, or of Norfolk, for instance, or would there be as many standards as there are dialects?

The Japanese have actually built a ship for the treatment of the wounded in war. The *Hakuai Maru*, which is about 2000 tons, built

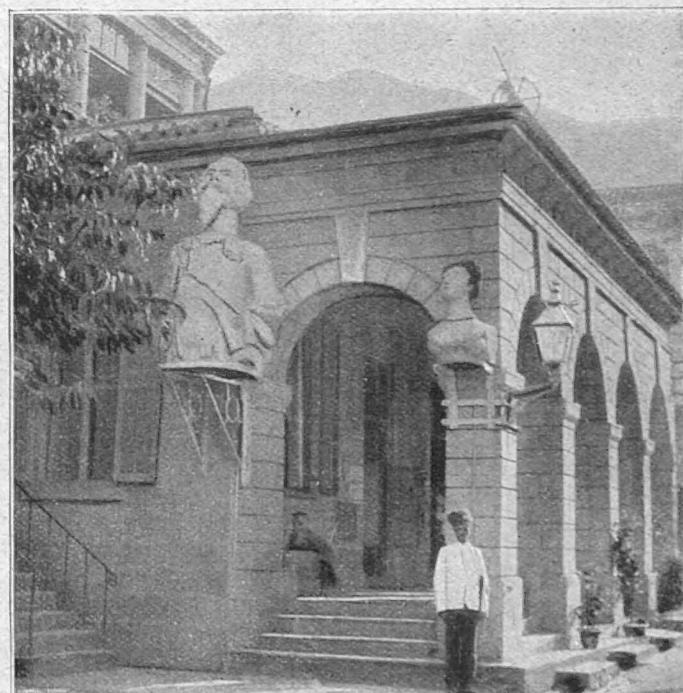


A HOSPITAL-SHIP BUILT FOR THE JAPANESE.

by Messrs. Lobnitz and Co., of Renfrew, for the Japanese Red Cross Society, has a large troop-deck, with beds for some three hundred patients. The cabins and saloons have been arranged to furnish further accommodation for sick and wounded, with the necessary staff of doctors, nurses, and attendants. In times of peace she will be used as an ordinary merchant-vessel, and is to run on the Shanghai-Yokohama route of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. The first-class accommodation (now for thirty-four passengers) would in war-time be devoted to the medical staff, and the second-class to the nurses and attendants. The necessary fittings are all on board, but they will be landed at Yokohama, and the vessel will then be available as an ordinary liner. The vessel, which is 314 feet long, 39 feet broad, and has a speed of 15 knots—which would enable her to keep within serviceable distance of a squadron—is being taken to Japan by Captain Harvey and his officers, with a crew of sixty-five. She takes out a miscellaneous cargo, including a heavy boiler for Singapore and a dredger for a Government harbour near Nagasaki.

In November I published two clever photographs of tree-blazing in Australia. I should have noted that they were taken by Mr. A. W. Pearse, of Sydney, for the *Australian Pastoralists' Review*—a very useful journal for wool-growers.

In the dockyard at Hong-Kong some curious figure-heads will be found, including those of H.M.S. *Victor Emanuel* and *Queen Charlotte*. The *Victor Emanuel* for many years was the dépôt ship at Hong-Kong, and till a year ago flew the flag of the Commodore. She has now been



CURIOUS FIGURE-HEADS IN THE DOCKYARD AT HONG-KONG.

broken up, and her place taken by H.M.S. *Tamar*, formerly a troopship. Both the *Queen Charlotte* and *Victor* were familiar figures at Hong-Kong for many years.

The birth-centenary of Russia's great national poet, Puschkin, will shortly occur, and Russia intends that his glory shall be proclaimed. Hence the celebrations are likely to be the most brilliant ever held in honour of a Russian writer. The Emperor Nicholas has appointed the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch chief patron of the fêtes, and the general organisation of affairs will be in the hands of the St. Petersburg Academy. Numerous suggestions have been put forth by way of commemoration, and some of them have already taken shape. The *Novoe Vremya* has started a fund to raise a monument to Puschkin in St. Petersburg, and to this the Imperial St. Petersburg Trotting Society has contributed a thousand roubles. It is also proposed to establish a special section of *Belles-Lettres* in the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, as well as to found a home for aged literary men on Puschkin's hereditary estate. The Committee of Organisation has voted that all the medals awarded to students of the public schools during 1899 shall bear an effigy of the poet. The "old boys" of the school where he was educated think of forming a society for the instruction of the people and for the publication of useful works. Perhaps the most original scheme, however, is that of the artists of Moscow. They propose to organise an exhibition which shall be peripatetic, so to say. It is to comprise a complete collection of portraits of Puschkin and of pictures illustrating his life and his works, and to be moved about within a certain prescribed time from town to town and from country to country. Thus will Russia's poet's name be blazed abroad. Puschkin's works have been translated into many languages, and just now an edition in Hebrew is in preparation, under the auspices of the Society for the Instruction of the Jews.

Muscat, about which all the pother was lately, when it was rumoured that the French had obtained important concessions there, is the capital



THE PRETTILY SITUATED TOWN OF MUSCAT.

of Oman, and stands on the gulf of that name. It is bordered on the east and west by steep rocks, crowned with forts and a wall, now greatly dilapidated. Being the natural emporium between India, Arabia, and Persia, Muscat is an important commercial centre. In 1507 the town was taken by Albuquerque. The climate of Muscat is almost as hot as can be found in the world. The population is of a very mixed character, but the Arab race predominates.

In a recent issue I gave a picture of the grave of Sir John Ross, the enterprising navigator who went in search of Franklin and his missing expedition. A correspondent now reminds me of the fact that there is a unique collection of relics of the various search expeditions which set out between the years 1850 and 1879 in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. Among them may be mentioned some scraps of leather and portions of a towel and a velvet-edged pocket, which were discovered at Beechey Island in 1850, and were the first traces of the missing expedition. Other articles include a biscuit from Sir John Ross's expedition, which was for twelve years exposed to the climate of the northern regions, some canvas, a glass bottle, the eye-rim of a telescope, a glass from a dressing-case, a fusee-box, and a number of tools, including a cold chisel, a gimlet, a knife, and a bradawl. Perhaps, however, the most interesting of the many relics in the old Palace of Whitehall is the medal which was awarded to Lieutenant Irving, R.N., in 1830, at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, which was taken with him to sea in 1845, buried in his grave in King William's Land in 1848-9, and discovered and brought away with his bones in 1880. The expeditions to which the curiously varied relics relate are those under Captain R. Collinson in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* in the years 1850-4, the *Resolute* and *Assistance* in 1850-1 and 1852-4, and the

expeditions under Surgeon J. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1853-4; Messrs. Anderson and Stewart, of the same company, in 1855; and Lieutenant Schwatka, of the United States Navy, in 1879-80.

In the churchyard of the straggling village of Bowes, on the moorland above Barnard Castle, there has recently been laid at rest the



DOTHEBOYS HALL, THE HOME OF "SQUEERS."

Photo by Vaughan Walker, Middlesbrough.

last descendant of "Wackford Squeers," the presiding genius of the celebrated academy of Dotheboys Hall, where Nicholas Nickleby passed those unhappy months in the manner depicted by Dickens. The village has changed but little since Dickens visited it, and sat in the small room at the "Unicorn" penning the strictures upon the Bowes academies which eventually broke the heart of Mr. Shaw, who was doubtless in the novelist's mind when he painted so graphically the iniquitous "Squeers." At the western extremity of the village, Dotheboys Hall still stands, an object of veneration to the many pilgrims who visit it from time to time. "Squeers" now lies in the adjacent churchyard of St. Giles, and a stained glass window perpetuates his memory.

Close by may also be seen the grave of Rodger Wrightson and Martha Railton, whose ill-fated love furnished a theme for Mallet's beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Emma." The stone bears the following inscription—

Rodger Wrightson Jun. and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave. He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell, she cry'd out, "My heart is broke," and in a few hours expired, purely through Love.

Colonel Jekyll, British Commissioner-General for the Paris Exhibition, finds his hands full, even more full than he expected, with the affairs of this tight little island, and, with his family, is established at the Langham Hotel, Paris. The Hon. Spencer Littleton and Mrs. Gaskell are also in Colonel Jekyll's party.

"To cherish a fixed opinion or idea of any one thing or person—but how much more person!" (writes a friend from Paris) "is, oh! very mistaken, for up to now I always saw in Madame Loubet, our respected and respectable uncrowned Queen, merely the skilful cook of a sporting husband's bag. But at a ball given by our Municipal Council at the Hôtel de Ville on Saturday, Madame appeared to the manner born of an entirely different character. With a white dress on her portly form, a knot of red ribbon on her right shoulder, and a nodding aigrette of white feathers in her hair, she looked, I vow, one of your British matrons to the life. Only, in a case of war between the nations, you will not give my name as having said so?" And I promised,



THE GRAVE OF "EDWIN AND EMMA."

Photo by Vaughan Walker, Middlesbrough.

There was great curiosity at Port Elizabeth in the last week of March, when Mr. Frank Fillis, the well-known menagerie man, shipped "Savage



ALL ROADS LEAD TO EARL'S COURT.

So this Elephant is boarding the "Goth" at Capetown for London.

South Africa" on board the Union liner *Goth* for Earl's Court, to which I referred last week. Fifty-two Zulus were put on board at Natal. On the day following the arrival of the steamer at Capetown, the local Chief of Police proceeded on board, and, after questioning the Zulus as to their willingness to proceed to England, &c., arrested them for contravening the Pass Law. Later on, they were brought before the local magistrate and fined a shilling each. Mr. Fillis paid the fines, and the Zulus then proceeded on board the *Goth*, which was transformed into a regular Noah's Ark, for she has brought us

seven lions, two tigers, three cheetahs, two panthers, five elephants, about thirty monkeys, a hundred and ten horses and mules, several zebras, antelopes, wildebeestes, and a miscellaneous assortment of smaller animals. There are also about two hundred Swazis, Zulus, and other Kaffirs, Malays, Cape half-castes, and other races. They arrived at Southampton last Wednesday.

Besides Mr. Fillis's lot, several elands have just left the Cape for Europe. They have been collected by Mr. Voss, and these pictured were bought from Mr. Isaac Booysen, of Klipdrift, who is the only owner of domesticated elands in South Africa. The full-grown one is eighteen months old and is six feet high. The little one is only six months old.

I wonder how many of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in London bus or tram-car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. The Washington Department of Agriculture has issued a Report on the foreign trade in American horses, and from this it appears that Britain, the "horsiest" country in the world, buys now nineteen or twenty thousand horses from the United States each year. We had 19,350 during the year ended June 30, 1897, and the trade has been advancing by thousands for the past five years. Nearly all these are bus- and van-horses; the Manager of the London Road Car Company has stated that he is obliged to buy American horses because he cannot get animals of the right stamp in any quantity in the British Islands. America claims to have "paralysed the horse-breeding industry in England and Scotland." She protests too much. The simple truth is that, since the coaching era came to an end, the British farmer has neglected the harness-horse in favour of the hunter, and, if you suggested to him that he ought to rear

bus-horses, with an eye to the needs of our Army in time of war, he would smilingly represent that he prefers to rear something that can gallop and jump, with an eye to the hunter market in time of peace.

With the "May-fly season" looming in the near future for anglers to dream of by night and prepare for by day, the new edition of Mr. Frederick M. Halford's "Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice" (Vinton) appears at the right moment. To beginners—and every spring sees new recruits to the dry-fly method—Mr. Halford's book may be recommended as the work of an expert angler who can teach what he knows so well himself.

The Northern Territories of South Australia can now offer a form of sport which, it was thought, ended with the practical extinction of the bison in North America. Over fifty years ago, it seems, some enterprising colonists imported from India a few of those ungainly monsters known to Anglo-India as water-buffaloes, to serve as plough-cattle. In time those colonists forsook their fields and their buffaloes, and the animals, finding the country to their liking, ran wild, thrived, and multiplied exceedingly—so exceedingly that they are now counted by thousands, much to the annoyance of stock-raisers; hence grew up the exciting industry of riding them down on horseback and shooting them for their hides. It may not be very paying as a business, but as a sport it deserves a high place, for the buffalo is quick to charge man or horse, and his enormous spreading horns and his weight make him a dangerous foe.

The *Stockbreeder's Magazine* is the latest thing in shilling monthlies. It is issued from the offices of the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, and reminds me of the *Live Stock Journal Almanack* in its contents, though it is more clearly printed and more fully illustrated. It contains 128 pages

of the most varied matter. I have read with keen interest the articles on horses.

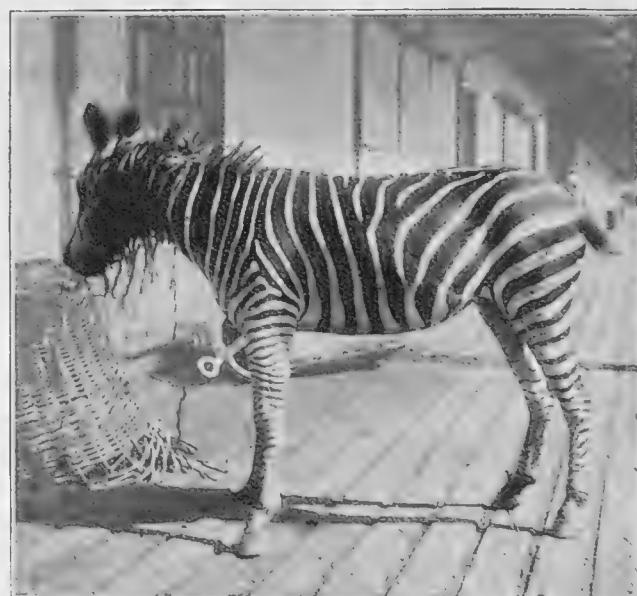
There seems to be more virtue than ever in a name nowadays. Admiral Schley made his name famous outside Santiago de Cuba, and his reflected glory has fallen upon his son, Lieutenant Thomas Franklin Schley, now serving in Manila as First Lieutenant in the 23rd United States Infantry, who has had readily published a descriptive letter telling of his various

soldiering experiences. Of course, it goes without saying that he has had his photograph published in numerous papers also.



THESE EELANDS HAVE LEFT SOUTH AFRICA FOR EUROPE.

Photo by Roe, Graaff Reinet.



A ZEBRA FOR EARL'S COURT.

The story of Dan Feehley, a Sligo centenarian of 108, comes to me from the pen of a little lady of fourteen, and that is picturesque by reason of contrast. Dan dares to speak of '98—from memory, for he had to run messages to different villages, and to hide behind haystacks for fear of the soldiers. He has never earned more than a shilling a-day, on which he has had to bring up his family. But he has been healthy, for it is only during the last six years that he has been unable to earn anything. He is now completely destitute, living on charity and the goodwill of the neighbours. His dwelling is, as you see by the photo, an unused cow-shed. He is now quite decrepit, unable to leave the straw pallet which serves him as a bed, but his mind is still clear, on the whole. Sometimes he cracks jokes and speaks or recites verses in Gaelic, but at other times he cries—"which," adds my tiny correspondent, who visits him, "is very sad." The photograph, which was taken not a year ago by the little girl and a friend, represents Dan sitting at the door of his cabin. He was very anxious to have it taken to send it to his grandson, who is serving the Queen in Africa.



HE IS 108 YEARS OLD.

Before the recollection of the *Daily Chronicle's* clever Christmas Number has been forgotten, Louis de Rougemont appears in public again; he addressed a large audience at the Crystal Palace on the evening of last Monday week. Needless to say, his song was of turtles and the man who first, from the realms of civilisation, tamed the wily savage. The fame of his exploits, or imagination, drew many auditors, and though he may have risen higher than the truth upon occasion, he was at least interesting, nor did he claim for his spoken word the respect due to established fact. Upon men of science in general, and upon the wise men of Whitefriars Street in particular, he had a little to say of a scathing sort; but, since scientists and journalists have said much about him, he was at least justified in answering back. For the rest, he was modest, as becomes a great traveller, and diffident, as becomes a man whose facts have been weighed in the balance and found wanting—in all but interest. "I am no George Washington," he remarked when the audience paused to take breath, and there were some who smiled, and others who waxed indignant at the confession. Why should people worry about the mere veracity of an interesting story when the question of veracity concerns nobody? Mr. Louis de Rougemont—this is a more attractive name than Grin—tells a good story well; if he has sinned, he has suffered; therefore, I say, more power to his elbow, and more wonderful additions to his tale. He can interest and amuse: let that count for something.



MR. PETER G. P. ATTIAS.

Photo by Marx, Frankfurt.

fourpence-halfpenny, will he pay four shillings and sixpence, or more? I was so struck by the ready sale of certain books the other day that I called on a big wholesale bookseller, and asked him what he thought. Rather to my surprise, he was very pleased, and volunteered the

surprising remark that he would like to see the works of Ruskin, Meredith, Hardy, and several others offered at the same price. "It is surprising," he remarked, "to find how strongly fine writing appeals to all classes of readers, and once a man finds a really great book through the medium of an experimental investment of fourpence-halfpenny, he is not content. He will buy a good edition of the masterpiece, not always at once, but as soon as he can. While the best books are out of the reach of the people whose means are limited, sales will never realise their greatest possibilities. Consider, too," added my friend, "once the best books are within the reach of all, the demand for second- or third-class work will suffer. A public educated up to a good writer will leave a bad one severely alone."

Primroses were much in evidence last week. There were oceans of them in Covent Garden, crowds in the florists' windows; there were on Primrose Day plenty to be seen on Beaconsfield's statue, and a fair number in smart coats and bodices, though of these latter by no means so many as was the case a few years since. But the Primrose *par excellence* of the week was the Lady "Peggy," Lord Rosebery's second daughter, who was the central figure of the great wedding of this season. The family name of "Primrose," which has so charming and rustic a sound, was, I believe, derived from the lands of Primrose, in Fifeshire, which, some hundreds of years ago, were acquired by Lord Rosebery's ancestors. Let us hope that Lady "Peggy" will be more fortunate in her marriage than that Lady Eleanor Primrose who, some two centuries ago, having excited her husband's animosity, was saved from an untimely fate only by the fact that she was engaged in the truly feminine occupation of adorning her fair self before her mirror. Lady Eleanor suddenly observed in the glass the sinister figure of her husband stealing towards her with his drawn sword in his hand. Luckily, the room was a long one, and Lady Eleanor a lady of decision. She did not wait to prove if her suspicions were correct, but jumped deliberately through the window into the court below. Though her chamber was some distance from the ground, she alighted safely and fled to her husband's mother, and from that time abjured her tyrant's society.

Since the critics sat in judgment upon Sir W. B. Richmond and his work in St. Paul's Cathedral, there has been a larger public attendance than

I have noticed for a long time. Those of us who share George Bernard Shaw's taste and reasons for going to church may be disposed to regret this sudden incursion; I confess that I have found a peaceful quarter of an hour quite out of the question during the past few weeks. The majority of the visitors come to criticise, and remain to compare such notes as they can make in the "dim religious light," and the burden of spoken conversation yields one definite conviction: whatever the other virtues of the visitors, modesty is not to be reckoned among them. Where the scaffolding is taken down they congregate quietly; *en route* for the door they lift up their voices in comment. Let Sir W. B. Richmond take comfort. Little more than a week ago, two people, man and wife, obviously from the country, entered the Cathedral and walked as far as the choir to look at the artist's kaleidoscope. They were so distinctly bent on criticism that I passed out behind them. "Tell 'ee, Maria," said the old man, "I don't think it so bad by half as them papers make out." "Well," replied the lady, "I don't think much of it myself, to be sure, but I suppose the painters'ave done their best. Bless you, workmen aren't what they were!"

Considerable discussion has arisen concerning the identity of the child that appeared with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) in a recent issue of *The Sketch*. The child, wrongly described in other journals as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks, is their adopted daughter, Mabel Hicks.

A clever Italian has designed a series of twelve post-cards bearing on the Dreyfus Case.



LORD BEACONSFIELD CROWNED ON PRIMROSE DAY.

Photo by V. R. Hickman.

Mr. "Jack" Pease, who has been appointed an Assistant Liberal Whip, is an industrious apprentice to politics. When Mr. John Morley was Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Pease fetched and carried for him in the House of Commons as unpaid private secretary. That experience gave him a good introduction to official life. The new Whip is slow and laboured in speech, but has the shrewd business qualities of the family, and is an intelligent as well as an industrious politician. With the crusade against slavery in British Protectorates his own name is honourably associated. Mr. Pease's father, Sir Joseph, is one of the figure-heads of the Liberal Party, and his elder brother is also a member, while he has a cousin among the Liberal-Unionists. His mother was a Fox, and he is married to a granddaughter of Sir Henry Havelock, so that he may be proud of his connections. During the present Parliament Mr. Pease has sat on the second Opposition bench among ex-private secretaries who may be Under-Secretaries in a future Government. They take themselves seriously, and dress well. The new Whip is, in fact, a dandy, no one looking smarter than he looks in evening-dress. But he is by no means a namby-pamby young man. He is one of the best sportsmen in the House. There are few sports in which he has not distinguished himself, both at the University and since he left it. He shoots, hunts, fishes, cycles, and plays golf, cricket, and hockey. For several years he was captain of the Durham County Cricket Club. Such a record makes a man popular at St. Stephen's, and, no doubt, his athletic training will be useful now that he has some hard work to do, not only in connection with his own business, but as a Whip of a rallying party.

Many of my readers will be glad to know that a very beautiful facsimile of the curious Hebrew medal bearing on one side the portrait of Christ has been issued by Falise Brothers, of 6, Rue d'Antin, Paris. Each medal is enclosed in a pretty leather-covered case.

I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich, for a very interesting postage-stamp from Great Barrier Island, which is some distance from the New Zealand coast. There is no telegraph cable to Great Barrier Island, and the ordinary mails for letters are infrequent and uncertain, so that a "pigeon post" has been established since November 1897, and has been successfully worked ever since. The pigeons are sent out from Auckland (New Zealand) by vessels as occasions offer, and liberated when messages are required to be sent. These messages, which are called "pigeongrams," are written in pencil on the thinnest of tissue-paper slips, about eight inches by three inches, the address being at the top, and the postage-stamp is affixed on the message itself, and obliterated, as, of course, envelopes cannot be used. From



A PIGEON-POST STAMP.

the nature of the conveyance, the used stamps are seldom in a perfect condition for the collector, as the message has to be folded up small. I have no information as to how many messages a bird can carry on each trip. On the arrival of a bird at its home on the mainland, the messages are removed, placed in envelopes, and posted in the usual way, as the charge of one shilling per message includes delivery in any part of the colony. The stamps were first issued last November, as the post had been in operation twelve months without the use of stamps. Only eighteen hundred of this first type have been printed, and this month a new stamp of improved design is issued. The "pigeon post" is carried on as a private concern, and is not officially connected with the New Zealand Postal Department.

The banquet at which a sword of honour is to be presented to Colonel Hector A. MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., by the combined Highland Societies and Associations in London, is to take place in the Grand Hall of the Hôtel Cecil on Saturday week, when the Duke of Atholl will preside. Subscriptions may still be sent to the Bank of Scotland, 19, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

No one will grudge King John the homage which Kingston is this week paying to his not too fragrant memory. There is no doubt that his Majesty was fond of the place, and he really granted it two charters. It is the first of these, dated "Porchester, April 26, 1199," which the townsfolk are remembering this week, if not with song and dance, at least with procession and public banquet. It is true that there is a little discrepancy in dates. As a matter of fact, King John was not crowned till May 27 of the year in question. It is even argued by historians that he was not in England on the date which the people of Kingston keep as their first red-letter day. Perhaps it was to put the matter beyond doubt that the second charter was granted—at a cost, by the way, of £100; for John, like so many of his illustrious successors, was of a frugal mind. A copy of this document is in the possession of the Corporation. In subsequent years charters fell upon Kingston thick and fast. In 1256 King Henry III. granted three in four days, giving permission to hold a yearly fair "for ever on the morrow of All Souls and seven days following." Henry VI. and Edward IV. also heaped charters on the favoured spot.

No doubt Kingston merited these tokens of esteem. It has always been pre-eminent for its loyalty ever since, in the pre-Norman days, the

Kings of Wessex were crowned on a stone which is still the most cherished possession of the borough. The son of the great Alfred was certainly anointed there. Winchester, the original capital, had been burned down, and so the royal patronage was transferred to Kingstown.



KINGSTON-ON-THAMES IS SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

Photo by Brunell.

In that circumstance, no doubt, lies the significance of the name, which, by the way, appears in the Domesday Book as "Chingestune." Before the days of "Kingstown" there was probably a Roman settlement on the same spot. Various Roman remains seem to point to that conclusion. Kingstown sent members to Parliament almost as soon as there was a Parliament. They were probably Tory, for in Civil War times the town was so stout for the King—who, by the way, was another of its charter-givers—that a deputation from Cromwell returned sadly with the tidings that the place was "extremely malignant." Its malignity has gone, though, apparently, its independence has not. Who will blame it for its present mild self-assertion when the tentacles of London are stretching out greedily over most of the twelve miles that intervene?

The ancient hostel known as "The King's Head," and familiar to frequenters of Brighton, has at last disappeared. A new hotel has arisen, but bearing the old name. The "yard" and stables have not fallen under the builder's veto. The old inn originally bore the name of the "George," and was, we are told, the hiding-place of Charles II., just before his escape to France in Master-Mariner Tetersell's vessel, the *Surprise*. The virtues of the captain are duly enumerated on his tombstone, now to be seen in St. Nicholas' Churchyard. The "Merrie Monarch" slept here (says Mr. Ewedge) on the night of Oct. 14, 1651, and departed at 2 a.m. on the following day, sailing for Fécamp. In 1672, Tetersell was posted, by Royal command, as captain of a "fifth-rate ship," the *Royal Escape*. Until recently, the room in which Charles slept was shown to visitors. Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's "Ovingdean Grange" will find further details. Opposite the inn was the house of Mr. Thrale, the great brewer and M.P., the friend of Dr. Johnson and his circle, and here the "Leviathan of Literature" visited the Thrales. It may interest to quote Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). In her "Diary" she says: "Mr. Thrale's house is in West Street, which is the Court end of the town. 'Tis a neat, small house—which, by the way, is exactly opposite to the inn in which Charles II.



"THE KING'S HEAD," BRIGHTON.

hid himself after the Battle of Worcester, previous to his escaping from the kingdom. So I fail not to look at it with loyal satisfaction; and his black-wigged majesty has, from the time of the Restoration, been its sign." Brighton has few reliques of the past left to show the visitor.

Holiday-makers in search of fresh woods and pastures new cannot do better at any season than go to Kitzbühel, a delightful, bracing, nerve-soothing little town in the Tyrol. It lies not far from Innsbruck, on the main line to Vienna, and is easily reached *via* Paris, Bâle, and Zürich. To the Austrians it has long been known as a summer resort, but it is



THIS CALVARY IN THE CHURCHYARD OF KITZBÜHEL, IN THE TYROL, MARKS THE SPOT WHERE A WITCH WAS BURNED.

even more beautiful in winter, when the Tyrol is a glorious land of snow and sunshine. Ringed in by mountains, and standing some two thousand feet high, the place is exquisitely reposeful, and there is so little wind that the cold is scarcely felt.

The Pfleghof, shown in the illustration, dates from about 900, was originally a Roman fortress, and in the Middle Ages was used as a Court of Justice. It possesses an *oubliette*, from which the knives were removed only some dozen years ago, a torture-chamber, "a donjon keep where captives wept," and an armoury. Within the walls of an apartment now used as a salon, the skeleton of a knight in suit of mail was discovered, and tradition affirms that he had been there bricked up alive. The gruesome find was transferred to a museum at Vienna. The Pfleghof is the property of Count Carl Lamberg, President of the Austrian Jockey Club, and, by a strange transition, is now inhabited by an English family, who have transformed it into a comfortable *pension*. The Calvary in the village churchyard is erected on a spot where, one hundred years ago, a witch was burned.

Is this situation democratic or anti-democratic? French servants, they say, collect from the tradesmen one sou on the franc for everything that is brought into the house. The cook taxes the butcher and the grocer; the chambermaid taxes all who furnish her department; the lady's-maid, when her mistress's purchases come home from the dressmaker and the jeweller, runs after to demand her little commission of five per cent. In consequence, the butcher and the grocer give short weight, in order to save themselves; the dressmaker and jeweller augment their prices with the same design; and living, already dear, becomes ruinous to the Parisian householder. On the other hand, the egotistical alternative is worse. For, if the tradesman, at the instigation of the householder, refuses the tax, his beefsteak before it reaches the table becomes mysteriously tough, the gown from the best maker fits awry, the jewels loosen and fall out of their settings, by which means the tradesman loses his clients and the mistress leads an intolerable life. M. Sareey recently opened the subject in the newspapers, and through the escape-valve thus made has burst a passionate cry of the served against the serving.

And all the multitude of solutions offered converge to the one conclusion, that the best there is to do is to accept the situation, and to limit one's efforts to keeping thievery within reasonable bounds—in other words, to follow the example set by the Marquis de Mirabeau, father of the celebrated orator. Mirabeau, they affirm, used on New Year's day to call his domestics together, give them their presents, and then say to the steward, "My friend, I am satisfied with your services; to-day I make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." None of M. Sareey's correspondents seem to have had the idea that it is possible to raise the moral condition of the servant into a respect of himself. Which is why I ask whether Republican France has not in this matter arrived at an aristocratic solution.

Among the light-opera singers of the day in Paris an enviable place has been won by Mdlle. Odette Dulac, the charming *pensionnaire* of the Bouffes-Parisiens, and there is none perhaps on whom the future smiles with more promise. This young singer made her *début* five years ago, at Antwerp, as leading singer in the rôle of Morgiane in "Ali-Baba." Having created there with persistence and talent a series of rôles in light opera, which included "Rip" and "Cloches de Corneville," and a répertoire of character-songs, she spent a season at St. Petersburg in

these rôles, and one at Geneva and at Aix. After a season spent at the Gaiety, she was engaged by the administration of the Bouffes-Parisiens, where she has since remained, with the exception of a short interval at the Capucines last winter.

At the Bouffes her first rôle was Louise in "Mousquetaires au Couvent," in which she gained at once the difficult Paris public. Her last creation is the rôle of the Marquis's daughter in "P'tites Michus," in which she has made a distinct "hit." At present she is, with a company from the Bouffes, playing this piece at Monte Carlo. With all this success in opera, at which most artists would be content to stop, Mdlle. Dulac has won another and distinct reputation as a singer of character-songs. In this line, with such rollicking sentiment as the "Grand Rue de Paris," she gained the audience of the Capucines last winter, an audience extremely critical in this genre. She is at her best in sentimental songs—gay, airy nothings, upon which her acting builds a structure of fantasy. The number of Belgian artists on the Paris boards is considerable, and Mdlle. Dulac is fast coming to the front among them.

That is a delightfully fantastic scheme of the French for building up a Colonial Empire. Girls are to be persuaded to leave fair France for the distant wilds of Empire. The Government is to provide them with a free passage, £4 of pocket-money, and a £12 trousseau. The scheme is so like a comic opera that one naturally states it in the terms of verse—

When you're living alone 'neath a tropical sun,
Or close to an African jungle,
A bachelor's lot is a thing you would shun,
And you cease to think marriage a bungle.
You can't make a pet of a lady of jet,
And, though you went crazy on 'Trilby,
I fancy you'd flirt with a maid in a skirt,
No matter how ugly your Jill be.

A savage, they tell me, annexes his bride
By the curious "marriage-by-capture,"
An Englishman always announces with pride
That we marry our maidens with rapture;
But France breaks a lance with our boasted "romance"
(Which were all very well for a hour),
The State gives a beau both a bride and trousseau,
And her passage, by way of a dowry.

I fancy I see her, my merry mam'zelle,
Sail forth on a sea that is foamy,
Picked out by the State to be somebody's belle
In dreary and distant Dahomey.
She'll dry up her tears at the sight of Algiers,
For bachelors waiting to greet her;
She's sweet and petite from her crown to her feet,
And I hope that no nigger will eat her.

I scarce can conceive of her caring to try
A honeymoon jaunt to Atbara;
There's plenty of room (though it's rather too dry)
In the leagues of the sandy Sahara.
I wish her good luck for her patriot pluck,
This latest Colonial lassie,
Whose heart will be true in the strange Timbuctoo,
Or down with the poor Malagassy.



THE PFLEGHOF AT KITZBÜHEL, WHERE MEN USED TO BE TORTURED TO DEATH.



MDLLE. DULAC, THE PARIS ACTRESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

This fine South African elephant was shot on the Addo-Veldt, distant only thirty to thirty-five miles from the most important business centre of South Africa, Port Elizabeth, which, on account of the magnitude of its shipping and commerce, is generally known as the Liverpool of South Africa. News that a troop of elephants had passed within sight of the homestead on a certain evening reached a well-known South African sportsman of the neighbourhood, Mr. Jack Harvey, and he determined to follow them up, in the hope of enjoying good sport. He accordingly started on the following morning, taking with him an elephant-gun. Some four or five miles from the house he was fortunate enough to come upon a large bull digging up roots in a Kaffir mealie-field, and, stalking it, was lucky enough to get within thirty paces before he fired, and was able to drop it with the first shot. The elephant proved to be one of the largest of this species of South African elephants ever shot in the district. Its tusks were fully four feet long, and weighed exactly 91½ lb. the pair, and the whole body over four tons. The skeleton, with skin and tusks complete, has been carefully preserved, and is now on its way to England, to become the property of the British Museum, and to be set up in its original size and state. It is described as being of a different species to those now to be seen at South Kensington. It is supposed that the herd came over from Mimosa, many scores of miles distant, and where troops of as many as fifty have been seen from time to time. Tigers, buffaloes, and other wild animals are to be found in abundance in the

same forests of this country. Mr. Jack Harvey, who is depicted sitting on the hind-quarters of the elephant, is a well-known sportsman, and has the reputation of being one of the best of good fellows. Notwithstanding that he is only thirty years of age, he has seen some exciting adventures in various parts of South Africa. He has dropped his lion in Mashonaland, and his recent bag makes seven elephants to be placed to his account. He has also a total of sixteen buffaloes to his credit.



AN ELEPHANT-HUNT.

footlights and every accessory, as can be seen from the photograph of Mr. Tree given below. There is even a "rake" upon it, so that actors cannot fail to feel entirely at home and to do themselves full justice when posing before Messrs. Langfier's camera. The stage can, of course, be perfectly illuminated by daylight alone, but a very powerful electric installation renders the artists superior to old Night—nay, even to London fog itself.



MR. TREE HOLDING THE STAGE AT LANGFIER'S STUDIO



MISS LOTTIE STEAD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELIIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S THREE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.



HUNTINGDON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHERE CROMWELL WAS EDUCATED.

Photo by Maddison and Hinde, Huntingdon.

Three hundred years ago (April 25, 1599), Oliver Cromwell was born in the good town of Huntingdon, and to-day the thoughts of the English-speaking world are turned towards him. His father, Robert, was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, and grandson of one Richard Williams, who had risen to fortune under the protection of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Cromwell went to the Grammar School at Huntingdon, a very interesting institution, where the first seeds of Puritanism were sown in his mind, and his old schoolmaster, if he did not send Cromwell to Parliament, certainly influenced the future Lord Protector's Parliamentary career.

The school stands in the High Street, opposite All Saints' Church, where the register with the entry of Cromwell's birth may be seen. Cromwell was born in a house in Ermine Street. This house has been rebuilt several times, so that, unfortunately, nothing of the original structure remains.

A good many legends have grown up about the boyhood of Oliver Cromwell; but one thing is pretty clear, from evidence which looks reliable, namely, that he was but an indifferent pupil. It may be that Dr. Beard, who was one of the greatest scholars and divines of the time, was rather exacting. Cromwell left school when he was seventeen, to continue his education at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. He remained, however, under the religious influence of Dr. Beard, who was a zealous Puritan and closely associated with the Cromwell family. When Charles I. granted Huntingdon a new charter, Dr. Beard and Oliver were made the first two magistrates. The only speech which Cromwell made in the first Parliament in which he sat contained a reference to his old schoolmaster. Later on, master and pupil joined in maintaining the freedom of the pulpit against the pretensions of the bishops.

What remains of the school is a small part of a larger building, which dates from 1187. Its full name was the "Hospital of St. John the Baptist," and it was an institution founded by David, the first Earl of Huntingdon—the Sir Kenneth of Scott's "Talisman"—for the purpose of providing relief and maintenance for poor people, giving hospitality to the pilgrim and the wayfarer, and, at the same time, carrying on certain educational work. In mediæval times it was, no doubt, the only educational institution, hospital, and charity in the town. All that is left now is a small building which looks as if it had originally been a chapel attached to a larger edifice. For some reason

or other, the building was encased in an outer shell of Elizabethan design, and it was only in 1874, when this outer shell was removed, that the original Norman structure was discovered. Almost the whole school was then taken down and carefully rebuilt, as nearly as possible after the original style. The late Mr. Dion Boucicault undertook to defray the expenses of restoration, in memory of his son, who was killed in a railway accident near Huntingdon. As a matter of fact, Mr. Boucicault never paid the whole amount, nearly £900, so that it had to be made up by local subscriptions.

The gable of the school fronts on the High Street, and contains a fine Norman doorway, now bricked up. Above this doorway there is an arcade with two window piercings, and in the gable of this end appears a symbolic device of the *vesica piscis*. The front is terminated by the addition of a bell-gable. There is a bricked-up arch in the other gable, and the outer walls consist of two great bays, also bricked up, except for the modern windows they contain. Each of these bays and arches is in a somewhat different style, dating from the Norman period. Indeed, the whole building as restored still retains its Norman expression. The interior of the building is only twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide—the smallest Grammar School in the country. The institution has a representative body of Governors, of which the Earl of Sandwich, who is also Mayor of Huntingdon, is Chairman. The Governors are just now appealing for funds to obtain additional buildings, increase the endowment, and establish scholarships.

Huntingdon is more divided about the merits of Oliver Cromwell to-day than it was when he represented it in Parliament. To one party he is the murderer of Charles I., a traitor, a hypocrite; to another, the saviour of his country, the Christian soldier, the national hero.

When, a few weeks ago, it was proposed to get up some memorial of Cromwell, a member of the Town Council said he could take no part in commemorating a regicide. It has been decided at a town's meeting, however, to erect a statue. The Governors of the Grammar School have

a scheme of their own, and the Free Churchmen are satisfied by participating in the former proposal.

Various memorials of Cromwell are to be found, notably the one in the Houses of Parliament, but London might easily raise a great statue of the Protector. It is curious to find the references to him in Sardou's "Robespierre," at the Lyceum. There he figures as a sort of splendid demigod. In this country, of course, his reputation has been made for moderns by Carlyle, while Dr. Gardiner has also done a great deal.



HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE CROMWELLS.

Photo by Brunell, Star Street, W.



INTERIOR OF CROMWELL'S SCHOOL, SHOWING OLD ARCHES.

Photo by Maddison and Hinde, Huntingdon.

JOHN THURLOE, CROMWELL'S SECRETARY OF STATE.

Among the Cromwellian officials none was more trusted or capable than John Thurloe, Secretary of State. He was the son of Thomas Thurloe, Rector of Abbots Roding, Essex, where he was baptised on June 12, 1616. He is stated to have received part of his education in

Cambridge, but his youth was devoted to the study of the law, in the service of Oliver St. John, afterwards Lord Chief Justice. It was doubtless through the latter's good offices he received his first public appointment, and he accompanied St. John as Secretary during the negotiations resulting in the Treaty of Uxbridge in January 1645. Thurloe was then in his twenty-ninth year, and, by reason of his legal training, admirably fitted for the part he was destined to play in the government of the country. From his testimony in later years it appears that he and his master were at this time averse to the designs of

the plots of the Royalists, and henceforth he had to defend himself against a succession of the most pertinacious attacks, for he was regarded as the chief bulwark of Richard's Government. None could allege corruption or venality against him, and he beat his opponents on every point. All were conscious that during his seven years' administration the affairs of State were managed in a way which was beyond reproach. Although not a great orator, he defended himself and his measures with wonderful fluency and readiness.

The downfall of Richard Cromwell proved so great a mortification that he confesses "he could not write about it." For a time, he was superseded, but Parliament found that the painstaking, accurate, and indefatigable Secretary could not readily be dispensed with, and on Feb. 27, 1660, he resumed his post. Then followed an interval during which he was regarded with distrust; there were suspicions that he tried to play a double part—one time the adherent of Cromwell, and again the partisan of Charles II. On May 15, 1660, the following resolution of the House of Commons put an end to his political career—

RESOLVED—That Secretary Thurloe being accused of high treason be secured, and that the Serjeant-of-Arms attending this House do forthwith put this order in execution.

He was soon set at liberty; probably the threat of production of his famous Black Book was not without effect. After his retirement he frequently resided at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where he died suddenly on Feb. 21, 1667, and where in after years was found the collection of State Papers known by his name. Such, in brief, was the career of John Thurloe. "In person he was well-made and handsome—a man of great mildness and modesty, high-spirited, and firm of purpose." Englishmen pass by the cracked slab—with its misspelt name and so difficult to read—which covers his dust in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, while for Americans the tomb of Thurloe possesses a strange fascination. He regarded the West as a dumping-ground for malcontents, whom he transported without trial, pleading reasons of State for such arbitrary proceedings. Now visitors from the great



CROMWELL.
From the Painting by Lely (1653).

the Parliamentary party, and against the establishment of the Republic. The success of his friends, however, meant his own preferment, for so useful did he prove to St. John that he accompanied him in his mission to the States-General as Secretary. On his return from Holland, Thurloe was appointed Secretary to the Council of State, a post rendered vacant by the death of Walter Frost.

When St. John heard of this promotion of his friend, he wrote encouraging him and bidding him "go on and prosper, let not your hands faynte." Thurloe was not cast in the mould of faint-hearted men; his capacity for work, as well as his thirst for office, increased with his income. He soon added the duties and emoluments of the Clerkship of Foreign Affairs to his other increments. He was deep in the intrigues which resulted in the proclamation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector, and was given as reward the entire control of the Intelligence Department, where he worked wonders. The great mass of his correspondence affords ample proof of the thoroughness with which he performed his duties. Taking full advantage of his position as Controller and "farmer" of the postal service of the country, he was enabled, through intercepting correspondence, to get at secrets vital to the interests of his party. He so perfected the working of his department and kept his master so well informed that it came to be said that "Cromwell carried all the secrets of the Princes of Europe at his girdle." A great advantage to the State was that the expense was inconsiderable, for he chose his "instruments" with singular judgment and foresight.

He had been admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1647. On Feb. 10, 1654, he was made a Bencher of the Society, and admitted to all the privileges, and is said to have made his chambers there "as remarkable as his Master did his in Sidney College." A crisis was now rapidly approaching which engaged his utmost vigilance. Some have declared that the numerous plots of the time were artfully contrived by the indefatigable Secretary for the express purpose of strengthening the hands of his master. It is true he played with conspirators much as a cat does with mice; "whenever he thought convenient," we are told, "he played them off with great dexterity for his master's service."

The years 1656-7 proved a trying time, for plot followed plot in rapid succession, more especially when it was proposed to offer Cromwell the title of King. The regal dignity was, however, "incompatible with Cromwell's conscience," much to the disappointment of the faithful Secretary, who possessed unbounded affection and admiration for the man who so firmly held the destinies of Britain in his grip. For his vigilance and care Thurloe was awarded the thanks of the House of Commons on April 11, 1657. The many anxieties of his position told severely on his constitution. During the ensuing winter he was laid low with illness, and it was rumoured that he had raving fits, and, according to one account, had died. He resumed his duties in the spring of 1658, when, notwithstanding his antipathy to the Scots, he became Lord Chancellor of Glasgow University. He had not fully regained strength in April 1658, as is evident from a letter of Henry Cromwell, who, sympathising with him in his illness, inadvertently says, "I am sorry for your want of strength; the Lord continue it."

The increasing infirmity of the Lord Protector filled Thurloe with gloomy forebodings. He realised that, when death claimed the strong guiding-hand, internal dissension would prove disastrous to his party. He was one of the moving spirits in the elevation of Richard Cromwell to the Protectorate, and he pushed the Bill, for recognising him as such, with extraordinary warmth, and aroused considerable jealousy. As he foresaw, internal dissension did more to shake the Government than all



SECRETARY THURLOE LIVED HERE (24, OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN).

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Republic do not deem a visit to the Mother Country complete unless they stand and sadly contemplate the neglect meted out to the spot where lie the ashes of a man whose industry and unwearied effort contributed in no small degree to making the name of England a force in the politics of Europe.

D. M. R.

LYDIA THOMPSON.

There are certain actresses who possess the gift of perpetual youth. One of these is Lydia Thompson, who made her first appearance as principal dancer in a ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, and takes a benefit on Tuesday at the Lyceum Theatre.



MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.
Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

"Cupid's Ladder," by Leicester Buckingham, assuming various characters and disguises, and at the same theatre as Cygnetta in a burlesque by Sutherland Edwards and Charles Lamb Kenney, called "The Swan and Edgar." In 1861 we find her again in serious work, taking the character of Norah at the Lyceum in Edmund Falconer's play, "Woman."

Lydia Thompson was the pretty heroine of innumerable pantomimes, mostly at Drury Lane; but it is sometimes forgotten that she was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, in 1866, under the management of Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft), and there played in a burlesque by H. J. Byron, called "Der Freischütz; or, The Bell, the Bill, and the Ball," for burlesque was still played at the little bandbox theatre after Robertson's "Society" and "Ours" had been produced. It was of this burlesque that Mrs. Bancroft wrote: "Lydia Thompson appeared in a new burlesque by Mr. Byron on the subject of 'Der Freischütz,' which was played on Oct. 10, 1866, in conjunction with 'Ours'; but it showed a distinct falling off in the writing, partly owing perhaps to his 'losing heart,' as he expressed it, through my refusal to act in it, but very much to divided interests caused by his Liverpool speculations. The burlesque was only moderately successful, although well acted, and Miss Lydia Thompson made a decided success."

This engagement ended in a lawsuit between Lydia Thompson and Marie Wilton, which ended in a trivial verdict. Mrs. Bancroft generously wrote: "In the case of Lydia Thompson and myself, the saying 'It is astonishing how much better I like a man after I have fought with him,' was very true, for we have been the best of friends ever since."

America admired Lydia Thompson and her winning art as much as we did at home. Did she not take over there her famous troupe of English blondes—Pauline Markham, and the rest of them—and make a tremendous stir and a deal of money; and did she not return to delight us with "Blue Beard," in conjunction with Rachel Sanger, Lal Brough, and Willie Edouin?—CLEMENT SCOTT.



MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.
Photo by Beau.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Conan Doyle has a high and well-deserved réputation as one of our most entertaining story-tellers. Many of our famous novelists are noted for conversations, descriptions, style, and other qualities which are not of the essence of narrative. Mr. Doyle has generally a story to tell, and can tell it. His great success, no doubt, was achieved in the "Sherlock Holmes" stories. They were not of uniform merit, but they often touched a high point of excellence, and no imitator has ever been able to come near them. Those who can fight through the opening dulnesses of "Micah Clarke" will also be rewarded, and others of Mr. Doyle's historical romances are of very considerable merit. But, when Mr. Doyle ventures off his own field, he is by no means fortunate, and he cannot be congratulated on his last book, "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus" (Richards). It is the tale of the early married life of two good-natured, affectionate, commonplace, particularly uninteresting young people. The author meets them on their own level, seems to like their company, and repeats their crude jokes and their conventional inanities with enormous relish. The result is readable, and nothing more. We are bored with Westminster Abbey and the Carlyle house. We feel that the author has no business to make us do them once again in the company of Philistines, and it is hard not to suspect that Mr. Doyle has had great difficulty in filling up the allotted number of sparsely printed pages. Another criticism must be made. Mr. Doyle, though he has once or twice trespassed, has, on the whole, been regarded as an author whose books may safely be presented to daughters by their mothers. This can be said no longer. One chapter in this book which is neither conceived nor written in good taste will offend many of Mr. Doyle's most faithful adherents. Humanity is a complex thing, but Mr. Doyle has no qualifications for entering into complexities. Whenever he leaves the plain path of ordinary reflection and straightforward story, he is instantly lost. If he wishes to keep his large public he must return to the old paths.

There is always something inflexible in Miss Findlater's reading of the human character and life. It is the reading of a quick, shrewd eye, of one apt to see weaknesses. And she has speech to match—prompt, incisive, sparing, unflattering. She has the pen of the ready satirist; but she reveals now and then strong and tender emotion, and in her latest story, if satire is abundant, it is not uppermost. "Rachel" (Methuen) is a book worth serious attention. It is the work of one who reads the human heart perhaps a little narrowly, yet with wonderful intelligence; also of one who is an admirable craftsman. Among the innumerable writers of fiction at the present day Miss Findlater deserves a very high place. Her writing is nothing less than excellent, and into every page she puts brain-stuff. There is no fuss, no incoherence, no wordiness, no affectation. The story has plainly been suggested by a well-known one in real life, but it has been treated freely and altered in many circumstances. Miss Findlater's clear, objective mind would naturally deal, one thinks, with clear, conceivable characters. But her hero in this tale is an enthusiast, who sees visions, who is possessed of a wild, incoherent, and yet soul-stirring eloquence, who moves masses by some mystic force within himself, and who uses this for the spread of a fervent, sensuous religion—Edward Irving, in short. As Michael Fletcher, he is interpreted not only powerfully, but with sympathy; and there is no bitter gibing when, the mystic force having given out, the prophet has to pretend, and invent new visions to keep his hold over the crowds who look to him for light and leading. Those who know the story of the great preacher's life will recognise Rachel also. She is not presented literally; she is softened much, and her fate is a less hard and a less famous one than that which belonged to her prototype. But the temper of her intellect is admirably reflected. A pathetic story is "Rachel," and young writers looking for a model could hardly do better than examine the frugality of its methods and the restraint of its style.

Mr. Benson did himself an injustice and prepared a disappointment for many of his earliest readers by opening his literary career with "Dodo." "Dodo" was evidently quite an accident; there was nothing in it characteristic of the writer at all. Since then there has been seldom anything frivolous about his writing. He is becoming known as the author of solid, serious, nice-minded, improving fiction, and in this sober kind of work he is showing distinct abilities. His newest story, "The Capsina" (Methuen), is a great advance on "The Vintage." Both are stories of the War of Greek Independence, and both display an intimate knowledge of the scenes and the actors in the stirring drama. "The Capsina" is good, however, not only in detail, but as a whole. The central character is a memorable, inspiriting figure, a heroine who is intensely human, and Mr. Benson has made her real flesh and blood. The strong, independent, capable woman who rejected the lover her family designed for her, gave all her mind to building and sailing ships, and led the first attack by sea on the Turks, is easy enough to discuss from the outside. But to give her at the same time a heart very much after the pattern of other women's, with its jealous and tremulous moods, and yet to preserve her dignity, was not easy at all. The Capsina, good comrade of sailors and fighting-men, stern executioner of brutal Turks, generous, inspiriting patriot, and wistful envier of a humbler woman, the wife of the man she loves, is conceived in a large way, and painted with breadth and firmness. The scenes by land and sea during the war are made real to us, and we catch charming glimpses of Greek domestic life. The writing is excellent; it has both energy and beauty. In short, "The Capsina" is an exceptionally favourable specimen of a kind of story that we are in the habit of giving to the young because it is instructive, and of avoiding ourselves because it is dull. o. o.



MISS LINLEY.

She was the daughter of Thomas Linley, the composer, of Bath, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan bolted with her and married her not far from Calais.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

A STRANGE BEAST STRANGELY KILLED.

Sir Frank Swettenham, Resident-General of the Malay States, recently shot a serow, that curious creature, half goat, half antelope, known to science as *Nemorhaedus sumatrensis*, under very curious circumstances. One afternoon, during his stay in the Perak Hills, some 4500 feet above the sea, he walked over to call upon a friend who lived a couple of miles away along the hillside, and, as the friend was about to leave for England, Sir Frank thought he might like a photograph of his house, so took with him his camera, and two Tamil servants to carry the appliances. A hundred yards or so from his friend's house the path crosses a landslip, which had swept away the heavy jungle that clothes these hills, and at this spot Sir Frank happened to glance down the steep. To his astonishment, he saw this animal, about ninety yards down, staring fixedly up. Now the serow is one of the most shy and wary of hill-frequenting animals; it is found upon the loftiest and most inaccessible cliffs, and is peculiarly difficult to approach, so keen are its senses. It was singular enough to find so wild a beast within hail of a human dwelling, and,

naturally, Sir Frank expected to see it bound away into the jungle at once. Instead of doing so, it remained still gazing upwards: for fully five minutes it stood thus, undisturbed even by a subdued shout

and the low voices of the Tamil servants, who talked excitedly. Then it occurred to Sir Frank that the serow was fascinated by the camera swathed in its black cloth, and, convinced that the beast would stare as long as that weird object was there to be stared at, he told the bearer to keep it as it was, and sent off the other man to fetch an old gun which his servants said the butler at the house near possessed. When Sir Frank moved to take the weapon from the owner, the serow turned its head for a moment, but immediately resumed its previous staring attitude, and remained thus till a well-placed shot killed it. The specimen proved to be a female. She stood three feet high at the shoulder, and was

so heavy that it took six men to carry the carcass. I believe this is the first serow that has been shot in Malaya by a white man. It has been stuffed and now stands in the Perak Museum.



THE SEROW, A GOAT-ANTELOPE.

THE OLDEST GARDEN IN ENGLAND.

IT BLOOMS AT CHELSEA FOR THE BEHOOF OF LONDONERS.

Fronting Chelsea Embankment lies an old garden. You look at it as you look at most London gardens—through iron gates, which in its case preserve a seclusion to which age and an intrinsic dignity give it a right. Many of the green enclosed gardens of inner London, and these not the least venerable among them, have given up their birthright of late years, and

others. It is the entry made in his family Bible on the death of his wife: "The light of my eyes and the joy of my heart, my dear wife, was this day taken from me. Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done."

Yet, when all is said, the richness and amplitude of its memories notwithstanding, it is as a sweet and pleasant garden that one thinks

most often of this unspoilt enclosure. "Chelsea Physick Garden has great variety of plants both in and out of greenhouses," wrote one who saw it in King Charles's day; "their perennial green hedges and rows of different coloured herbs are very pretty, and so are the banks set with herbs in the Irish stitch-way"; and the descendants of the "different coloured herbs" thrive in their places to this day. Generations of gardeners have sought with fostering care just the place in the garden, and just the soil, and just the right proportion of sun and shine and rain and wind, that best were suited to the rare herb's tender growth. "De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier," says a pretty fancy of Fontenelle; but in the Physick Garden, though the gardener has outlived many, many generations of herbs, yet in the end the life of the plant has survived him, and dwells in our living eyes after he has become a memory. As years have gone on, the rare and curious herbs of the Physick Garden have become less rare. The Asafoetida, for instance, which was once a unique possession, has been supplied from Chelsea to nearly all the Botanic Gardens of Europe; and the curious, deformed-looking poison-plants which grow side by side with the familiar household spices have not in modern eyes the wonders which once they wore. Perhaps the most characteristic and singular possession which now remains to the garden is the Giukgo-tree, which grows against the walls. It is a Japanese plant, and one of the oldest of known trees—older than Man, for it appears in some of the earliest geological formations. But if with years the curious

interest of the plants and herbs has dwindled, their grace and beauty have not waned, but grown. The birds have learnt to know the place, and in the summer a water-wagtail, perhaps the descendant of a two-hundred-years' long line of wagtails, comes to dip at the stone water-tanks. In summer you would hardly recognise the place for a part of London, and sometimes, when the long evenings are drawing to a close, and through the trees the statue of Sir Hans glimmers white in the falling dusk, one could almost describe the Garden by the river in the words of one who stood here many, many years ago—

There was a Weight in the Air, as of coming Thunder . . . and at length I beganne to note the Moon rising, and the deepening Clearnesse of the Water, and the lazy Motion of the Barges, and the Flashes of Light whene'er the Rowers dipt their Oars. And then I beganne to attend to the Cries and diffrent Sounds from acrosse the Water, and the Tolling of a distant Bell. . . .

EDWIN GREW.



THE CHELSEA PHYSICK GARDEN: GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING WESTWARDS.

upon their sombre quiet has broken the sound of poor children at play, the noisy twitterings of the gutter-sparrows of the London streets. Upon the Physick Garden—for that is the old garden's name—such an intrusion would seem an impropriety. It is the oldest garden of its kind in England, perhaps in the world; it had a history before people said that Queen Anne was dead; it is less a garden than an antiquity, less an antiquity than a history in itself, for within its prim borders is chronicled the beginning and growth and change of the science of Botany.

Great men have walked between its neatly ticketed beds of herbs and rare plants; the great Linnaeus himself visited it—more than a hundred and fifty years ago—and took from it "several specimens collected in South America"; Sir Hans Sloane was its great, its principal, benefactor, and his statue, by Rysbrecht, in the middle of the garden, still looks upon his handiwork with an air of gentlemanly satisfaction. Here, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the crabbed old gardener, Philip Miller, laid out the plants of the garden in the primitive Linnaean orders; and here, a hundred years later, the autocratic Lindley elaborated their arrangement into the Natural Orders suggested by Jussieu and Decandolle. Here, while the turbulent few years of James the Second's reign were speeding to their close, the Honourable Society of Apothecaries came in the Company's Barge and planted the four Cedars of Lebanon in the garden by the river. They were but three feet high when first they were planted, and now there is but one left, and that one dying. Under their shade in Georgian days old Thomas Wheeler lectured, and for fifty-five years instructed the Society's students in their "herborizings." A typical figure Thomas Wheeler, and unimpeachably in keeping with the traditions of the garden. "A short, wiry, and thin old man"—says one who saw him when, at seventy years of age, he was still Botanical Demonstrator to the Garden—"he entered with the alacrity of youth upon the scene, with an old hat in one hand and a botanical knife in the other, with a pair of massive spectacles covering his grey and keen eyes, and clad in an old, threadbare black coat and waistcoat, and a pair of long leather breeches. But those who might be inclined to smile at his appearance were soon convinced that they were in the presence of no common person, and that the rough outer husk covered as true and genuine a man as ever adorned the profession of medicine." Many anecdotes, some of a humorous and some of a serious character, are told of this fine old man's childlike simplicity and garnered wisdom; but there is one that has a touching and pious grace which raises it above all

THE CHELSEA PHYSICK GARDEN: A VIEW FROM SWAN WALK, CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.
THE STATUE AMONG THE TREES IS THAT OF SIR HANS SLOANE.

THE PIGEONS OF LONDON.

Of all the common sights of London, none is more interesting than its pigeons. They bring a suggestion of old-world serenity and ancient stateliness into the rush and turmoil of the City, ignoring with charming insouciance mere man and all that concerns him as he passes by the stately edifices where they most do congregate. What real Londoner is there who does not love them, whether he encounters them at the Custom House or the Guildhall, at St. Paul's or in the Temple, at Somerset House or the Law Courts, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the British Museum, or beneath the boomerang of Big Ben under the shadow of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament? Each particular place has its own particular flock. Those who consider this curious will be still more struck with the fact, which may be learnt from the old policemen on duty about the Law Courts, that the birds which belong to the east side do not associate with those of the west side of the building, nor those on the north with those of the south. They remain as separate and distinct as the inhabitants of the South and North, West and East, of London itself, although, like their human prototypes, they occasionally pay visits to one another, rarely staying more than a few hours.

round the windows of his room. Now that he is gone, Mr. Justice Kennedy and two or three of the other Judges make a point of providing lunch for the pigeons—not, however, giving them scraps and leavings from the rich man's table, but getting their favourite food, maize and corn, on purpose for them. Lower down in the social scale the same can be seen. The pigeons of the north side of the Courts have among their innumerable friends an old gentleman who every day comes round with corn and dainty morsels for their especial benefit. They know the hour of his coming, and they sit and watch and wait. As soon as his well-known figure turns the corner, there is a whirr of beating wings, a grey cloud lowers across the sky, falls to the earth like grey rain, bursts into instant life, and in another moment he is surrounded by the hungry hosts, picking up the pieces which he scatters with showering hand among them. The pigeons on the west side watch as assiduously for the coming of a certain postman in the morning, for they know he never fails to bring them breakfast—a feast bought out of his scanty salary.

In the Temple dozens and dozens of clerks scatter crumbs in King's Bench Walk and Fountain Court, the two places the pigeons most affect; while every morning a certain keeper of a coffee-shop, whose house is a scant fifty yards away from one of the gates, comes with a



PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

No modern man can state the date when the pigeons first came to London. At the British Museum, for instance, the oldest official remembers the birds when he arrived there a youth, and there are legends that, before the building opened on its present site, there were pigeons around Montague House in the last century. In more modern times, it is also known that soon after the Law Courts were erected a single pair of pigeons migrated from Somerset House, and took up their abode there, increasing as the years went by.

The utilitarian and less sentimental members of society declare the birds are a nuisance, and would be glad if they were banished; but a protest, practically unanimous, would be made were anyone seriously to bring forward a proposition to destroy them. The law against discharging firearms in the streets protects them perfectly, and the fear of the ubiquitous policeman keeps the small boy's catapult from molesting them, so that they pass their lives in well-merited peace, although, here and there, dark stories may be heard that steps are taken to prevent their over-rapid increase, and pigeon-pie may be occasionally seen on tables where it ought not to be expected.

Though haply some few return to this base use, the majority, it must be admitted, live a gloriously happy life. They are the friends of everybody, and everybody feeds them. Before Lord Brampton retired into private life, Sir Henry Hawkins was, among his brethren, conspicuous for his kindness to his feathered friends, who fluttered

huge tray of broken scraps with which to feed his friends, and from many a window there is a constant supply of corn and crumbs offered by the residents, who delight in keeping open house for their fellow tenants.

One of the prettiest sights, however, is to be seen at the British Museum, where, among the half-dozen or more regular readers and the scores of casual strangers who feed the pigeons every day, one gentleman is conspicuous. Instead of throwing the corn upon the ground, he holds it in his open hand, and in an instant he is surrounded by his feathered friends. Some perch upon his shoulder, others light upon his wrist; others, perhaps more careless of appearances (his and their own), make themselves comfortable on his tall silk hat until they get an opportunity to feed. So fond are they of their friend that, though he stand with empty hands, and strangers approach with corn and other dainties that they love, they will not leave him, and, while he is there, would rather remain hungry than feast from a stranger's hands.

But, of all their human friends, none love the pigeons more than the cabmen. There is always a stand near the places where they feed, and cabby, however divergent may be his opinions on the subject of taximeters and horseless cabs, admits no second view with regard to the pigeons. There is always a handful taken from the nosebag and scattered on the ground for the benefit of the birds—"The hosses won't miss it," he will tell you—while, when he has been breakfasting, dining, or supping at the shelter, he is sure to bring scraps of food for the birds.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.—BY BARON A. VON ROSENKRANTZ.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

The agitation against the Richmond decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral has taken an important turn in the questions addressed in both Houses of Parliament recently. As the Earl of Wemyss implied in the notice he gave of his question, the decorations have only to be seen in order to be found out for what they are worth. Nothing could be worse than the red stencilling and the lettering round the dome, where apparently the space is so confined for the texts chosen that "TH" and "A-D" have to be run into one letter apiece.

Baron A. von Rosenkrantz in his New Gallery picture, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," has achieved a fine and almost austere beautiful work, very self-possessed and quietly strong. It is reproduced herewith.

This picture of the first Lady Crewe is peculiarly interesting at this moment, not merely on account of the appearance of the third Lady Crewe (who was till Thursday Lady Peggy Primrose), but also by reason of the fact that Reynolds painted her. She was the daughter of Fulke Greville, of Wilbury, and was born in 1744. In 1766 she married John Crève, M.P., created Lord Crewe in 1806. She was celebrated for her beauty and fascination, and for her political zeal on behalf of the Whigs. It was at a dinner at her house, to celebrate the election of Fox for Westminster, in 1784, that the Prince of Wales gave the toast, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe," to which she gave in reply, "True Blue and all of you." She died in 1818.

Mr. Caton Woodville has chosen for the scene of his latest picture, "All that was left of them," the pathetic moment after the memorable Charge of the Light Brigade, when the remnant of the brigade (198 mounted men out of a total of 673 who had gone into the fight) had formed up on one of the slopes which look southward towards Balaclava for inspection by Lord Cardigan. The survivors are represented drawn up in single line, both men and horses affording evidence of the terrible conflict in which they have so recently been engaged. Just behind the first few files, a farrier, pistol in hand,

has evidently just put a ruined horse out of its misery, and in the distance a trumpeter of the 17th Lancers may be noticed sounding the "assembly," which is being responded to by straggling and riderless horses who are coming up out of the valley at intervals.

On the right of the line there are seven men of the 17th Lancers, and next to these stand a large number of the 11th Hussars, whose cherry-coloured overalls make an effective colour-contrast. Farther away in the distance, somewhat obscured by the smoke from a battery on the heights, may be noticed some of the survivors of the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons and of the 8th Hussars, whose names are being taken by a colour-sergeant of the 11th Hussars, on foot and paper in hand. The mounted officer some distance down the line is Sir George Wombwell, who has had two horses shot under him, while Lord Cardigan, on a rough and tucked-up chestnut charger, is represented as about to address all that was left of the brigade, commencing with the memorable words, "Men, it has been a great blunder, but it is no fault of mine." The picture is one of Mr. Woodville's finest works, and forms an obvious companion-picture to "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It will be on view shortly at Messrs. Graves'.

An interesting exhibition of "Pictures from Renfrewshire," by the rising young Glasgow artist, Walter McAdam, R.S.W., is being held at Campbell's Gallery, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. Mr. McAdam, whose work is already well known at the Art Institute of his native city and some of the Continental Art Galleries, has found the inspiration for his present series in the beautiful Lochwinnoch district, where he has resided for four years past. The pictures—some thirty or forty in all—are thoroughly characteristic specimens of Mr. McAdam's work, and should further enhance this young artist's reputation.

The Art Exhibitions are waking up fast. Chief among the important shows now running in London is the Turner collection at the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor was probably right when he said that this was the most representative gathering of Turners that had yet been brought together. The authorities responsible for this result are to be heartily commended for the energy and judgment which have secured so excellent a result. Then there is the New English Art Club to visit—no longer the sensation it was, but still indicating with no uncertainty the tendency of the younger among contemporary artists. At the Fine Arts' you have an interesting show of work by Gaston la Touche, and by Thaulow at Goupil's.

The *Photo-Miniature* is the latest magazine dealing with the camera. It is a neat little octavo, edited by Mr. J. A. Tennant, and issued monthly by Tennant and Ward, of New York.



FRANCES, FIRST BARONESS CREWE (GRANDMOTHER OF THE PRESENT EARL OF CREWE), AS ST. GENEVIEVE.
From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE CHILDREN OF WELL-KNOWN MEN: DR. CONAN DOYLE.

Dr. Conan Doyle lives in a beautiful house on Hindhead. I wish he would not allow himself to be called "Dr.," although he is an M.D. of Edinburgh. Perhaps he is destined some day for knighthood, and that will settle the question of "Mr." and "Dr." He was educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University, and he practised his profession at Southsea for eight years, between 1882 and 1890. Then he became one of the most successful authors of the day. I well remember the delight with which I read "Micah Clarke," and the equal delight with which I devoured "The White Company." As for "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," they have made Mr. Doyle a world-wide reputation. Since Dickens, indeed, there has been no single character which has become so much a part of national life and national conversation. One never hears of a police mystery without sighing for a Sherlock Holmes to fathom it, and, indeed, Mr. Doyle's stories are so fascinating that one hopes even yet that the great detective may be brought back to life. Meanwhile, Mr. Doyle has produced many books, "Rodney Stone" and "A Tragedy of the Korosko" being two of the best. He has ventured into verse with



DR. CONAN DOYLE'S CHILDREN.

his "Songs of Action," and he has been a successful playwright—witness his "Waterloo," in which Sir Henry Irving electrified us all. His most important drama, "Halves," was produced at Aberdeen the other day, and will doubtless soon find its way to London. His latest book, published by Mr. Grant Richards, is called "A Duet." It is outside his usual vein, and just now we are many of us engaged in calling each other names over it. The Doctor, it is understood, will persist in thinking more highly of it than many of his critics. Literary success has not in the least spoiled Conan Doyle; he is one of the best of comrades—an enthusiastic golfer, cricketer, and cyclist. He never forgets that he is an Irishman, that he hails from the land of unattainable ideals, of fine feelings, of poetical imaginings, although his training has been very English and very Scotch. He is the nephew of the famous Richard Doyle, of *Punch*. Needless to add that he is the father of two charming children. One doubts not but that Mr. Doyle will write popular books for many a year to come, and that his children will always be as proud of him as his countrymen are—the Anglo-Celtic race; he prefers to call them.

MARY CONAN DOYLE, *at. NINE.*KINGSLEY CONAN DOYLE, *at. SIX.*

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE CHILDREN OF WELL-KNOWN MEN: MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

MR. PEMBERTON AND HIS NEW ROMANCE.*

Mr. Max Pemberton's "Garden of Swords" does not make for sociability. Begin it, and your best friend will find you *distract* in conversation and dull in companionship. How can you be otherwise, when you are longing for him to take himself away that you may get back to your book? The chancery are two to one that you carry it to town with you, in which case you will be seen, a sorry spectacle, standing on the draughty platform—the book between your hands, and your umbrella between your knees—doing battle with the wind that flutters the pages, and causes you to lose your "place" and your temper continually. The travelling companion, whose gossip you have not hitherto considered disagreeable, you will, on this particular morning, discover to be a chattering ape; and each unoffending passenger whose business necessitates his disturbing your reading by getting into or out of the carriage, you will heartily hate. At the club, you will choose an unfrequented corner in which to eat a solitary lunch—the book slipped meanwhile beside your plate; and just when your friends are asking whether you are in debt, in love, or are troubled by religious doubts,

do more for the cause they have at heart than can ever be done by calling public meetings. For Mr. Pemberton brings the hideous thing home to our very doors. He makes us realise, as we have never realised before, what war meant to the French in 1870, and what it would mean to us in England in like circumstances. He is the very Verestchagin of novelists. The scene in which the little child is struck by a shell during the siege of Strasburg turns you sick as you read; the beating-out of the brains of the hapless spy who had taken sanctuary in the Cathedral, and the brief truce for the burial of the dead, are depicted with masterly power and art.

There is very little to be said in the way of adverse criticism. It is true that the close of Chapter X. recalls the famous close of Chapter XXXII. of "Vanity Fair," but one has no desire to quarrel with Mr. Pemberton for following, even if too closely, so great a master as Thackeray.

It is to be wished, however, that he had adopted some other plan in regard to the dialogue. As the scene is laid in France, the characters would naturally speak French, but Mr. Pemberton gives us an English rendering. This is all right. A novel written for English people must, one supposes, be in English throughout. But I wonder that he should



MR. PEMBERTON'S CHILDREN: DOROTHY, ALFRED (MR. HARMSWORTH'S GODCHILD); HAROLD, AND BARBARA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PALMER.

you will make an end of "The Garden of Swords," and become a respectable member of Society again.

Few, if any, of the younger writers have made so steady and so sustained advance as Mr. Pemberton. Increasingly successful as each new book has been, however, one felt that he had it in him to do something much finer. "This man can do big things," one said, "and must do so if he is to hold the place he has won." "The Garden of Swords" seems to be the book for which we have been waiting.

The one unsatisfactory point about Mr. Pemberton's other books was that we did not believe them. While we read them, they carried us on by their sheer brilliance and audacity of imagination, and by their swift, strong, picturesque, narrative style. But the *human interest* was wanting, and it is precisely because "The Garden of Swords" has the strong human interest which has been missed from his other work that I believe it will establish Mr. Pemberton in the front rank of living romancers.

The public has been given to understand that the reading of a novel in which the horrors of war were depicted was the prime cause of the Czar's Peace proposals. I have not yet read the novel in question, but, if it affords any war-pictures half so powerfully and so appallingly painted as are to be found in "The Garden of Swords," I can well understand why the Ruler of the Russias should have been troubled in spirit. Mr. Pemberton's picture of the Battle of Worth is superb. It is terrible. I cannot recall anything in recent fiction to equal it. If Mr. Stead's supporters in the Peace Crusade could be induced to circulate "The Garden of Swords" throughout the country, they would

adopt the conventional stage-device of reminding us that we are in France—of, so to speak, labelling his characters Frenchmen and Frenchwomen—by leavening his lump of English with an occasional dash of French, as, for instance, in the following passage—

"You, *mon vieux*, you are too fat. And in a lancer tunic too! *Ma foi*, what a spectacle!"

Do let us have either English or French, and have done with it. This sort of half-and-half is all very well for the amateur novelist who fancies it gives a touch of "local colour" to a story, but we do not expect it in a novel which, as a work of art, is so distinct and unqualified a success.

The romantic love-story which is so deftly interwoven (and thereby accentuates the terrible contrast) with the ghastly war-picture; the reader must discover for himself. Mr. Pemberton's heroines never fail to win our hearts, and Beatrix is the most lovable of them all. I must confess to being a little disappointed to find, when we take leave of her, that she is in the arms of the dying Edmond (who was never worthy of her) rather than in those of Brandon. Mr. Pemberton is, however, too true an artist to tell more of his story than is necessary, and we have at least the consolation of assuming that to Brandon's arms she eventually found her way. But, whatever the ultimate fate of Beatrix and Brandon, their story, as told in "The Garden of Swords," is beyond question the author's finest, strongest, and most human piece of work. As a romance of love and war, it is a brilliant achievement, and, unless I am very much mistaken, it will be so popular that there is a possibility of Pembertonitis becoming as prevalent a disease as the influenza.

COULSON KERNANIAN.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT REVISITED.

From Photographs by Broderick, Ryde, and from Kodak Snapshots

Many years have passed since I was last in the Isle of Wight, and I went to it the other day with somewhat of the feelings with which I have explored out-of-the-way parts of Bavaria or some of the Balkan Provinces. In certain respects, indeed, the Isle of Wight is quite as remote from our modern ideas of progress, although, according to the railway time-tables, one is some two hours and a-half from Ryde and three hours from



VENTNOR.

Ventnor. This, as far as my experience is concerned, is, however, a pretty fiction. The time-table gives three hours from Waterloo to Ventnor; but, when I went, it took four hours, and on another day it actually took five. I do not know the precise extent of the popularity of the Isle of Wight with Londoners, as against other interesting parts of England. Judging from the many handsome hotels scattered all over the island, it should be

very great indeed. The Royal Marine Hotel at Ventnor, where I stayed, is certainly one of the most comfortable and one of the best-managed hotels that I have ever visited. The extremely courteous and capable manager, however, like the rest of us, had his growl for the railway companies. From Ventnor to Newport, a distance of less than eleven miles, takes an hour. I had occasion twice to go to the pretty county town, so that the bitter experience of the slowest travelling in the world was twice repeated. And what an old-fashioned railway it

sixpence for the privilege of walking down four hundred steps, whereas the best view is at the top—and you have to mount them all again. Shanklin Chine, on the other hand, is really beautiful; here the honeymoon couples are not wrong. They are wrong, however, in their



"DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND, ÜBER ALLES!"

raptures over Bonchurch. To those of us who are readers of Carlyle, Bonchurch is associated with the memory of John Sterling. We think of his struggles for truth, his searchings for light in matters theological during those years of final decay, and of his friendship with the great writer who will carry on his memory, I imagine, from age to age.

The old church at Bonchurch is a beautiful little Norman structure. The graveyard around is pretty, although not more so than a thousand graveyards that one can recall in country places in England. It differs from most of such memories, however, by the fact that a toll is exacted as you enter or leave the spot—a trifling matter, no doubt, from the point of view of tourists who may care to look upon it merely as one additional peep-show, but in the worst possible taste, and, as far as I know, unprecedented in this country. Apart from the old Norman chapel, Bonchurch village has been ruined, I imagine, by the builder. It has lost the charm which it must have had when Sterling rhapsodised over its beauties, and when Dr. Arnold declared that its sea-coast was equal to that of Genoa. Let me not forget that on my way to Bonchurch I met four of the visitors from our hotel, very genial and kind. They were all of them German by birth, but English by adoption, and with a very pleasant feeling towards the land in which they lived. I made a snapshot, and promised them that they should see it again. Germans and Americans are, on the whole, far more regular patrons of the Isle than the English, I was told.

One of the pleasantest drives in the island is that to Carisbrooke Castle, a less impressive building than many in England, but interesting as the scene of some of the later incidents in the life of Charles I. Here, as is well known, he was imprisoned, occupying two separate suites of rooms at different times. Tradition tells of efforts to escape, and altogether there is a note of pathos over the Castle. After his execution, one of his daughters died here. There is a monument to her in Newport Church, with the inscription—

To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle, on Sunday,



ON THE TRAMP.

is in every respect! They fix oil-lamps in the carriage-windows on what they call the Isle of Wight "Express," which conveys London passengers, so that you may not have your pocket picked in the tunnel; but in the non-express trains you are in total darkness. It would be so much better if the railway could be abolished altogether, and we could revert to coaches alone; for the railway is shockingly dear as well as slow, and, when a railway is in that stage, it is only a disfigurement to the landscape, with no compensations. I am told that the Isle of Wight Railway is not a very remunerative speculation. I should be surprised if it were. Railways have not been made into successful speculations by this kind of management.

However, there are plenty of compensations in the Isle of Wight, and particularly on its southern side, if you can keep clear of the railway—forget you have come to Ventnor by it, and that you have got to go back. The coach rides are admirable, and cheap as well, and, in spite of a few hills, you can bicycle over the island very comfortably. The walks round Ventnor possess a delightful variety, although doubtless the raptures with which many of the scenes have been greeted are due to the presence of honeymoon couples, whose associations with the island are of an extravagantly idyllic character. Blackgang Chine, for example, is as great an imposture as the Blue Grotto of Capri. You pay



THE MOKE THAT MAKES THE WHEEL GO ROUND AT CARISBROOKE.



THE OLD BEACON AT FRESHWATER.

September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected, as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856. This is but one of the many indications of the Queen's interest in the Stuart dynasty.

One of the features of Carisbrooke is what is called "The Well House," in which there is a well of enormous depth, worked by a wheel with a donkey inside it. Neddy goes round and round with the wheel till one's brain becomes bewildered, and one is relieved to see the

bucket drawn up at last. Thanks to my pocket-kodak, I took a snapshot of the donkey when his day's work was over. The well is the deepest known to me. I remember one at Nuremberg that is equally interesting.

Another trip that one should not fail in is that to Freshwater and the Needles. As the coach approaches Freshwater, one observes the Tennyson Cross, with its inscription—

In Memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, this Cross is Raised, a Beacon to Sailors, by the People of Freshwater and other Friends in England and America.

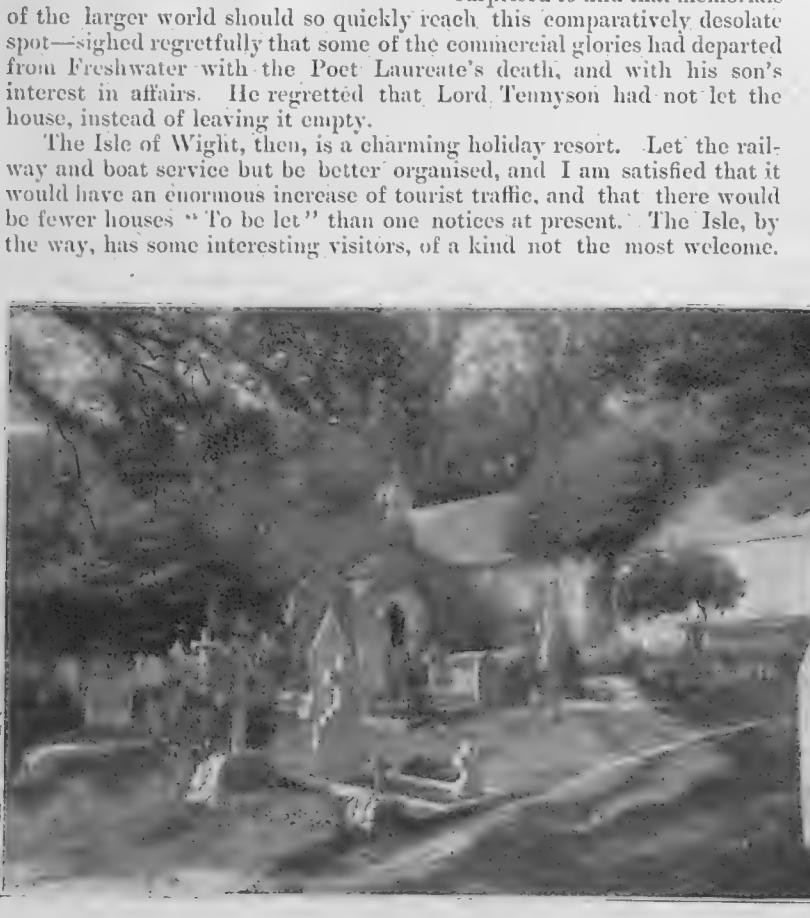
This has taken the place of the old Beacon, long a famous landmark. The monument was unveiled on July 8, 1897, by Dean Bradley and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The second Lord Tennyson, as we well remember, is now in South Australia, and Farringford House is deserted, or in the care of his coachman. A shopkeeper, from whom I purchased on Good Friday afternoon that day's issue of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Daily Mail*—surprised to find that memorials

of the larger world should so quickly reach this comparatively desolate spot—sighed regretfully that some of the commercial glories had departed from Freshwater with the Poet Laureate's death, and with his son's interest in affairs. He regretted that Lord Tennyson had not let the house, instead of leaving it empty.

The Isle of Wight, then, is a charming holiday resort. Let the railway and boat service be better organised, and I am satisfied that it would have an enormous increase of tourist traffic, and that there would be fewer houses "To be let" than one notices at present. The Isle, by the way, has some interesting visitors, of a kind not the most welcome.



THE TENNYSON MEMORIAL AT FRESHWATER.



OLD BONCHURCH CHURCH.



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

In Parkhurst Prison, near Newport, Mr. Monson and many gentlemen of like traditions are confined. In Ventnor churchyard there is a tomb to Cecil Hambrough, who, the inscription states, "was shot" in Scotland. There was a wreath placed upon it on Easter Sunday bearing the legend, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."—C. K. S.

MR. MUNRO-FERGUSON AND HIS HOME.

Mr. Munro-Ferguson, whose name as one of the junior Opposition Whips was frequently mentioned in connection with the appointment of a successor to the late Tom Ellis, will, when Lord Rosebery, his friend and political chief, comes to his own again, of a certainty prove himself an influential member in the councils of his party. Ronald Craufurd Munro-Ferguson, to give the Laird of Raith and Novar his full designation, though he has had considerable experience of military and Parliamentary life, is not yet forty. He served five years in the Grenadier Guards, retiring in 1884, when he was elected M.P. for Ross-shire. Since 1886 Mr. Munro-Ferguson has represented the Leith Burghs in St. Stephen's; at two separate periods—in 1886 and 1892-94—he was private secretary to Lord Rosebery; and he was a Lord of the Treasury from March 1894 to June 1896. Ten years ago Mr. Munro-Ferguson married Lord Dufferin's eldest daughter. When President of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, 1894-98, he urged upon the Government the desirability of establishing a School of Forestry. The planting of trees is a kind of hobby with the Laird of Raith, and he follows in this respect the most notable of his forbears—William Berry, a sister's son of the first Robert Ferguson, who assumed the name and arms of Ferguson, and was dubbed by his nieces, Mary and Agnes Berry, the friends of Horace Walpole and leaders in the London Society of their day, as "the usurper."

Raith House, the Fifeshire home of Mr. Munro-Ferguson, stands on the site of a castle built by one of the Thanes of Fife, and is situated about three miles westward of Kirkealdy. Occupying the crest of an eminence five hundred feet high, the house commands an ample view across the Firth of Forth, bounded by the Pentlands and the Lammermuirs. Raith House, termed by Wilkie "the Holland House of Scotland," was the scene of many a brilliant gathering in the famous painter's day. Its rooms contain numerous examples of the work of Raeburn, who was a frequent guest at Raith, as was Landseer somewhat later, the latter painter having left some characteristic and humorous mementoes of his visits. There is to be seen at Raith, too, a famous painting of Thomas Naismith's, "Edinburgh Castle with Flodden Wall," and a winsome portrait of the Lady of Raith from the brush of Hubert Herkomer. The library contains many noteworthy volumes, some of them gifts from Horace Walpole to Mary and Agnes Berry. Lord Rosebery's marriage gift to his former secretary—a silver inkstand and cigarette-ease, bearing the inscription, "To Ronald Ferguson, from his friend Rosebery"—is in Raith House, as is also the gift he received from the Liberal Whips.



TOMB OF JOHN STERLING.

SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S CHAMPION SHIRE HORSES.



CHAMPION MARE, DUNSMORE GLOAMING.



STALLION, PIONEER VII.

The massive Shire Horse is well called the "Great Horse" by Sir Walter Gilbey in his recent book on these huge animals. They are the beau-ideal of equine strength, and their haulage powers are immense. Some of the finest Shire Horses in the country may be seen daily in Carter Paterson's and the big railway companies' wagons, whose yearly expenditure in these fine horses runs into many thousands of pounds. Stand beside one of these mammoths of horseflesh, and see how they tower above you. Geldings and mares are used for haulage work, and a fine specimen will stand seventeen hands at the shoulder and weigh but little short of a ton. One horse can take along a load of two tons, and a pair of them will comfortably get along with five solid tons.

To supply the demand for these draught-horses, the large carriers have agents continually travelling the country buying up from breeders their spare stock. Among those who have famous studs of Shires may be named the Prince of Wales, Lords Wantage, Llangattock, Egerton of Tatton, Rothschild, Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Henderson, M.P., Mr. W. H. O. Duncombe, and Sir Blundell Maple, M.P. Although Sir Blundell's stud has been started less than

two years, it contains some of the finest Shires in England. Money spent with judgment has within this short period collected together a stud which the oldest breeder of the "Great Horse" might well envy. Rewards in the shape of rich prizes at the great shows have recompensed the liberal outlay of cash and substantiated the judgment of the stud manager, Mr. Richman.

A fine range of boxes, each with its separate yard, has been erected at Stafford St. Albans, a few miles from Sir Blundell's residence at Childwickbury, affording ample accommodation and space for the horses, now numbering over fifty. Fine paddocks lying beside give plenty of room for the young stock, of which there are many promising yearlings and two-year-olds. One of these, Saxon Talent, was bought at Sir Walter Gilbey's sale for the record price of £620 as a yearling, and there are many mares that, if sold, would run up close to £1000 apiece. Dunsmore Gloaming and

Victor's Queen are, perhaps, the pride of the stud; the former won the Challenge Cup at the London Shire Show for mares, and the latter took the Cup for young mares. Pioneer VII., the stallion, is also a grand fellow, and has borne off many honours in the show-ring.



SOME FINE FOALS.



SAXON TALENT.



CHAMPION FILLY, VICTOR'S QUEEN.

MR. WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY.

HAIL FELLOW (OF NEW COLLEGE), WELL MET IN
FLEET STREET.

To be a man of letters and also a journalist is not, as some people seem to suppose, a novelty of the nineteenth century. Fleet Street, in fact, belongs to Dr. Johnson, and it is at his invitation and in the company of his ghost that nearly every author since his day has taken that walk which was once taken on the arm of Boswell. Not dwellers there perhaps, but constant visitors, have been most of the men who go to make English literature great. That is so to-day, and it was so yesterday and the day before. George Meredith as a reviewer in the *Morning Post* had a predecessor in Coleridge; and the *Daily News*—to take a typical case at random—if it offers you to-day leaders by Richard Whiteing, offered you fifty years ago leaders (and very bad leaders they were) by Charles Dickens. All the same, if the century and our end of it must boast, it shall have the opportunity.

The multiplicity and wealth of newspapers have multiplied the rewards journalism can offer the author, and the increase of education has made it possible—and when possible then necessary—to give to books and bookmen a better representation than they once had in the daily news-sheet. This is just what Mr. William Leonard Courtney has done in the *Daily Telegraph*, and in so doing has proved himself a typical man of the day. Yet another instance of this forward and bookward movement among men and papers may be found in the fact that a chronicle of his career makes welcome "copy" in the columns of *Sketch*.

That career began in Poona in the year 1850, "W. L." Courtney being the son of an Indian Civil Servant. Unlike another distinguished member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*—Sir Edwin Arnold—Mr. Courtney had no ties with India in late life. He came to England in early boyhood, went to the Somersetshire College in Bath, and thence proceeded to Oxford, where he became Scholar of University College in 1868; with a 1st Class First Public Examination in 1870; a 1st Class Greats in 1872—the same year finding him Fellow of Merton. Less of a rover could have been held to Oxford by the ribbons she conferred on him. But, though a rover, Mr. Courtney was a reverter. He left Oxford to go back to Bath, becoming headmaster of the college there at which he had once been a schoolboy, taking the reins at an age which had not left him time to forget the aspirations and the sympathies of the young runner in harness. And when he left Bath again, three years later, it was to hark back a second time to Oxford as Fellow of New. There was hardly anything at Oxford that Don Courtney did not accomplish. He talked literature in the gardens of Merton College with Andrew Lang, and he was fellow-Proctor with Pope at the time when the undergraduates placarded the walls "No Popery"—and no offence whatever to the Vatican. A Don who has no airs, who is "hail fellow, well met" with "the dear young men," as Henri Perreyre in France always called them—who is one of themselves, in short—is not always comprehended. His amiability is apt to be thought a condescension by the prig among his colleagues, and among the young men may be mistaken for wobbling. But the note of this particular don was precisely strength, both mental and bodily. He, if anyone, could dare to be a good comrade, and in that capacity he has left enduring traces on the life of the University. A bust of Plato is enthroned on the mantelpiece of Mr. Courtney's study, but, among moderns, the two men who influenced him were Mr. T. H. Green, the philosopher, and Mr. Tinné, the oarsman. It was Tinné who said to flippant young

freshmen: "What are you going to do to bring credit to your College? If you can't play football and if you can't row, you might at least read." It happened that Mr. Courtney could both row and read. He was Treasurer of the "O. U. B. C." for many years; and there was another recreation of which he might be called the father. Under his influence did the play become an interest in University life. That was a great move, the beneficial effect of which on the public stage of England has not yet been felt to the full, and it had a warm friend and defender against all critics in Dr. Jowett, whom Mr. Courtney discovered then and ever a man of the world, broad and practical in sympathy, where others encountered the pedant or suspected the cynic. It is a great thing to get a man who is liberal in his private sentiments and in his official acts as well as in his professed principles; and that man Mr. Courtney found in the Master of Balliol. The line had to be drawn somewhere, of course—in this case it was at petticoats upon the stage. But the range of Mr. Courtney's sympathies was not a limited one. For though the Greek Play had his homage, and Browning's no more appreciative observer than he, when he himself wrote a play, he chose a subject in Kit Marlowe.

That piece was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1893. By that time, Mr. W. L. Courtney was already in London. He had sent forth from Oxford emissary after emissary into the great world—books of his brain. The volume on "The Metaphysics of John Stuart Mill" was published in 1879, and was followed at intervals of about three years each by "Studies in Philosophy," by "Constructive Ethics," by "Studies New and Old," by the "Life of John Stuart Mill," and by "Studies at Leisure." Then, reversing the righteous man's order of precedence, he followed his works to London. He, too, took the walk down Fleet Street, and he paused at the doors of the *Daily Telegraph* office. He was not the first scholar by many to enter those portals, but he was the first who did not fancy he saw the superscription, "Abandon literature all ye who enter here." The times, we know, had changed, and the *Telegraph* was to change with them. The hour had struck, and here was the man. The day was done when reviewing was to be given to a scribe because he was fit for nothing better—the fool of the office chosen to be the interpreter between Literature and the public because he could not write a leader or report a police-case. The day was done, too, when the review, once written, was to be "held over" until it could

MR. W. L. COURTNEY.
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

be used as a fill-up, because Parliament did not sit, and of accidents and offences there was a famine. Now it was to have the glories of large type, liberal leads, head-lines of columns. That man from Oxford did it, and, on the principle that the better the day the better the deed, the week-day work now has its counterpart in the *Sunday Daily Telegraph*, so called in defiance of the *Telegraph*'s traditional dread of tautology.

Mr. W. L. Courtney is something more on the *Telegraph* than a literary reviewer: he is on the editorial staff, and a diligent leader-writer. That is a life worth living in itself. Another life Mr. Courtney spends in editing the *Fortnightly Review*—he had tried his prentice hand on *Murray's Magazine*; and yet another life he leads as one of the directors of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's publishing company. Like his accomplishments and his occupations, his recreations and his clubs are many. He golfs and cycles as well as rows, and has leisure, on his way from Fleet Street to Hampstead, to look in at the United Universities' Club, or the Garrick, or the Beefsteak, or the Isthmian, or the Authors', and to be equally at home, as he is equally welcome, at all. He is a husband, a father, an LL.D. of St. Andrews, and the number of his years seems to be the only incommensurate thing appertaining to him, for they still fall short of fifty.

W. M.

A CANADIAN CANAL.

Since 1860 the Dominion Government has dallied with many schemes for providing the trade of Canada, as well as the areas within the regions of the Great Lakes, with the best practical waterway between the lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. For many years, existing water-transit routes have created universal dissatisfaction among the mercantile community



THE CHATS FALLS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER (35 MILES ABOVE OTTAWA).

throughout Canada, since the most direct canal connection between the grain centres of the West and the cattle-raising districts of the North-West and New York or Montreal causes so much delay that, in proportion to the time and cost of transportation, as also the presence of competing trade by less tortuous channels, the Eastern market is almost worthless. Trade bound for the Atlantic ports has choice of New York, *via* the Erie Canal, or Quebec and Montreal, *via* the St. Lawrence River, and, operating from Chicago or from the areas of Lake Superior, the two routes are equally unsuited as the most direct conduit between Western lake ports and ocean navigation. Moreover, if it were not that the importance of the Dominion trade alone required the best available transport facilities, the steady increase in the volume of canal traffic is so rapidly exceeding the carrying capabilities of the canals that any further development of the resources of the combined Canadian and United States North-West must necessitate the creation of additional canal communication between those centres and the Atlantic seaboard. The proposed canal will be superior to the Erie and St. Lawrence routes in every respect, and, should the negotiations with Messrs. G. Pearson and Son be successful, the work of construction will be completed within four years, at a cost of seventeen millions. The scheme, to which the Federal Government has accorded its approval, opens up a canal connection between Montreal and the mouth of the French River *via* Georgian Bay—a line of navigation 430 miles in extent—by canalising the French and Ottawa Rivers. Of this distance 351 miles require no alteration, while it is perfectly practicable to improve the remaining 79 miles, so as to reduce the length of actual canaling to 29 miles. The presence of this canal would give direct transit opportunities along 2000 miles of communication from the heart of the Western continent, and would attract to its terminal port such bulk-traffic as now is shipped from those regions through the Erie Canal. Owing to its directness, this route effects a saving in distance between Western lake ports and ocean navigation of almost 450 miles over the Erie and 370 over the St. Lawrence. From Chicago to Montreal *via* the St. Lawrence is 1348 miles, from Chicago to New York *via* Erie is 1415 miles, while from Chicago to Montreal *via* the Ottawa Canal is 980 miles. The relation of the proposed Ottawa Canal to the Atlantic passage gives a preference of two hundred miles in favour of the projected route. The distances between Chicago and Liverpool *via* the several ways are, *via* Erie Canal 4495 miles, *via* the St. Lawrence 4145 miles, *via* the Ottawa 3780 miles.

The industrial possibilities of this new waterway are immense, and not the least is the water-power which will be derived from the Ottawa. There is probably no river upon the continent of America from which such vast power can be obtained at so little expense. The falls and rapids extend over three hundred miles, with a drop in the level of over five hundred feet in that distance, when, taking into account the twenty dams which will be built upon the Ottawa, there will be available upon the Mattawa, French, and Ottawa Rivers not less than one million horse-power. At such places as the Chaudière, Deschênes, Chats Falls,

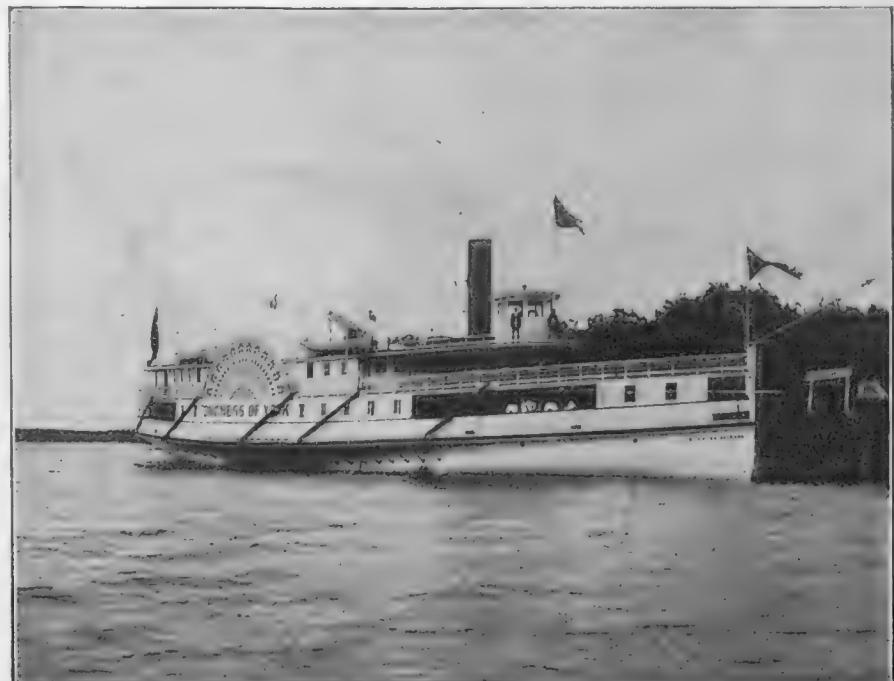
Rocher le Capitaine, Rapids, magnificent water-powers exist. The industrial possibilities here are even greater than those maintained by the power emanating from the Niagara Falls. While at Niagara the power is concentrated at one point, and can be utilised only within a radius of forty miles, the Ottawa system affords power at such convenient distances along its entire length of four hundred miles that generating-stations will extend thirty miles in each direction, until, meeting the power from other stations, a continuous current will exist along the canal. The presence of this power will be a great source of revenue, since it can be turned to account in producing electricity for towing purposes, lighting of towns along the route, furnishing motive-power for factories, in the operation of railroads, and in the conduct of the canal.

The Ottawa River lends itself readily to the formation of this inland waterway, which is destined to become such an important factor in the commerce of the Dominion. It drains an area of eighty thousand square miles; its volume is great even in the upper reaches, but the flow is steady and not subject to sudden rises or extraordinary floods. Its rise never exceeds three inches in twenty-four hours, and is commonly one inch per day. The French and Mattawa Rivers, which will be identified with the ultimate configuration of the Ottawa Canal, preserve the same general character of lake-like expanses and rapids. Long stretches of the river are equal to the best lake navigation, while everywhere, by means of dams, slack-water navigation is more readily and more cheaply obtained than on any other route. The only work to be done is getting from one lake to another, and, for the process of the canal, Lake of the Two Mountains (twenty-five miles in length), Deschênes Lake (twenty-seven miles), Chats Lake (nineteen miles), Coulonge Lake (twenty miles), Nipissing Lake (forty miles) are passed through. For the most part these lakes have a channel-depth of twenty to thirty feet at low water. The summit level will be obtained by lowering Trout Lake to coincide with Lake Nipissing, since the level of the latter lake must be maintained from French River to the Mattawa.

The commercial and strategical value of this canal to the Dominion is of the greatest significance, and the extensive traffic which will be alienated from the Erie Canal, in view of the great saving in cost of transport, time, and insurance tariffs, will constitute Quebec and Montreal as the Atlantic ports of shipment for the Northern coast, to the certain decline in the supremacy of New York. The through grain trade, the lumber traffic to Chicago and lake ports as well as New York and New England ports, carriage of ores and minerals, coal transportation to the North-West and between Lake Erie and Northern Ontario, will be specially served by this canal.

The country through which the canal will pass is rich in minerals, timber, and hardwoods. Spruce and poplar forests for pulp manufacture will be directly tapped, and the canal will at once advance these industries. It is exceedingly fertile, and large areas are wholly undeveloped, while as a grain-carrying route from the Western States it has a golden future, since eighty per cent. of the grain from that region is shipped to the seaboard by the Erie Canal. The future prosperity of the Dominion depends more on the development of the great North-West, on those fertile grain and cattle districts, than on anything else, and that which tends to improve the conditions existing there to-day is of vital importance to the people of the State. The Ottawa Canal will affect the general welfare of Dominion commerce and stimulate commercial activity, while it will materially aid the railways in obtaining an increase in their traffic without militating against them in any degree, since the traffic of the canal will be such that the railway would not be given in any case. From the moment of its completion the Ottawa Canal will initiate into the commercial activities of Canada what should prove to be an epoch of momentous progress and industrial expansion.

J. ANGUS HAMILTON.



AN OTTAWA RIVER STEAMBOAT.

"A MOST DELIGHTFUL COON."

Some time ago I published an article on "Coons," by Mr. Gelett Burgess, the well-known American writer, in which he took occasion to state with sufficient plainness, but certainly without a suggestion of malice, that his ideal of a "coon" was not Miss Bessie Wentworth's.



MISS BESSIE WENTWORTH AS A COON.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

As an American who has visited a great many music-halls, Mr. Burgess's opinion was, I judged, worthy of every consideration. It has, however, I regret to say, been taken exception to by Miss Wentworth's friends and admirers, and, as that lady has given pleasure to far too many people for me to wish to cause her or her friends any annoyance, I am full of regrets for having done so. I have not seen Mr. Gelett Burgess's ideal "coon" impersonator, nor have I, at present, had the pleasure of seeing Miss Bessie Wentworth; but I have asked a representative to go and listen to Miss Wentworth's songs, and, if possible, to have a little chat with her, and here is the result—

"Miss Bessie Wentworth will shortly be with us again, after her annual absence for pantomime; and we are always glad to have her, for doubtless much of her popularity is due to the excessive buoyancy of her nature, and she acts as a bracing breeze on tired Londoners, who, after seeing her and hearing some of her capital songs, given with rare verve and gaiety, rouse themselves to enthusiasm.

"I am a journalist, the most tired tribe of London, and one gloomy afternoon I crept out to the Lambeth Road, where I had been told I should find 'My Girl' living with her widowed mother and a host of jolly, mischievous brothers. I felt anything but cheerful at the prospect of the journey, but orders had come from headquarters, and I went. No sooner had this bonny girl entered the room than I was refreshed and infected by her very evident joy in life and charming frankness. I was at once struck by her resemblance to Lady May Yohé—the look of the eye and an occasional tone in the deep voice; but Miss Wentworth adds to this a fine presence.

"So you wanted to see me? It is very nice of you to say such nice things about me, and, do you know, you are really a favoured being, for I seldom consent to see anyone 'for the papers,' so you must tell me what to say and how to say it.

"Why did I go on the stage? That is very easy to tell, and not at all original. It was want of money, for, when my father died, we found it would be necessary for all of us to turn out in the world. I don't know much, for I had always been fonder of romping than learning, but I always dearly loved the musical entertainments the boys got up at Christmas. You know, they used to have a professional down to teach them their songs and dances, and, though they always

tried to keep me out of the way, I was generally "around," and always got to know the songs and dances first. A little later I sang about a good deal at friends' houses, and they suggested that I had a voice, a good presence, and could dance, and, therefore, it would be much easier for me to earn a living on the stage than elsewhere. So there I went, and there I still am.

"Yes, there was the usual opposition; but, that being overcome, I accepted an engagement in the chorus of light opera, remaining for two years, and supplementing my work and salary with understudying.

"No, I never had a lesson in music in my life; but I am quick, and as I see the notes the tune seems to come to me, and while in opera I listened carefully to the way the principals sang, so I imbibed what little I know.

"After leaving my first company, I determined to go on the music-halls, for I saw there was more money to be made there with far less work.

"You won't believe that I cannot read music well? Ask my brothers, for they do not love to hear me pick out a song with one finger; but that is how I do it, and I also arrange my own dresses and costumes for myself, for I got used to doing it when we had to "fix ourselves" for our amateur performances."

"Then, as time was flying, I left, after many regrets from Miss Wentworth that she had not more photographs to give me; but she said she would send me some in a few weeks, though I decided not to keep my readers waiting until she sent me a new set, for, being ever 'our favourite coon,' the camera can tell only one tale, and her photos are all alike. When she is not playing in pantomime and in this class of work, it is not surprising to find her one of the most popular of boys."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SISTERS.

BY M. CROSBIE THOMPSON.

When first this sickness fastened on me, I knew not which was bitterer, life or death. To me, helpless, despairing, there seemed fresh torture in the icy grip I felt so suddenly upon my heart. So, at first, I counted death too among my enemies.

Then came the day that I found out *their* secret—found out why and how I was dying, and realised that the discovery had delivered into my hands those who wronged me.

Weary days as I lie here alone and look back on the past few months. I wonder that a commonplace life like mine could have been wrought into such a terrible tragedy. It is not yet a year, Millicent, since you came to us, with your sweet, sad smile, and funeral widow's weeds, to make havoc of my life and take my husband from me. You, my little sister, so grief-stricken and subdued; I so anxious to mother you and comfort you. But all my ministrations failed to rouse you from your hopeless sorrow, till at last I appealed to Jim, my husband Jim, to cheer you up! Dear God! how unwittingly one may set about the ruin of one's happiness!

I remember how he acted on my suggestion, began to show Millicent some small attentions, brought her home a few trifling presents; and so successful were his efforts that, in his presence, the heart-broken little widow ceased to droop and pine. I remember, the first time I heard them both laughing and chatting gaily together, I felt I could never thank Jim enough for his kindness to my sister. Poor fool, poor fool! Blindly loving and trusting both, I rejoiced as the sadness dropped from Millicent like the widow's weeds which were so speedily lightened. Interested and amused at her bright talk and pretty ways, Jim began to desert his club and spend his evenings at home with us. I was not jealous—then! But it's like sitting in hell now to look back on those quiet evenings when, for all those pretty ways of hers and childlike manner, that woman set herself deliberately to take away my all. Before my unseeing eyes she wove cunningly the web which bound my husband to her. Her web has proved a snare. Tangled in its folds we shall now all three of us perish together.

When Millicent's visit to us had prolonged itself indefinitely, I began to wish for her departure. While she and Jim had kept close friends, her manner towards me became persistently disagreeable. Even in Jim's presence she criticised my housekeeping, found fault with the cooking; in fact, for want of other occupation, she openly sat in judgment on my every action, and generally found much to condemn in each of them; and when, at last, in answer to her appeals, Jim began to side with her against me, my patience could stand it no longer. She was making my life intolerable; so, coming to a sudden determination one day, I went and told her it was time her visit should come to an end. For an instant, I believed her to have gone crazy, when she informed me, with a cruel sneer, that she was my husband's guest, not mine, and that only at his request would she leave the house. Furiously angry, I rushed to Jim. He was alone in his dispensary. I repeated Millicent's words to him, and, catching him by the sleeve, I would have dragged him straight into her presence.

"You must come and tell her to go at once," I said. "She shall not stay another hour in my house."

He freed his arm from my hold with a sudden jerk. "Damn you!" he said angrily; "what makes you think I'll interfere? Can't two women ever live together without fighting? Your sister is welcome to stay on here as long as she likes. She's a far better sort to get on with than you, my dear wife."

As he spoke, my whole world seemed suddenly to go to pieces—swift as a flash, though wholly unsuspected until then, the knowledge of my position came upon me. Millicent and Jim were together against me. I stood alone. None of life's lessons is so hard for a woman to know and understand as that a man can cease to love her. Stupid perhaps in all else, I understood now, all too quickly, that Jim's love for me was dead. He loved Millicent. A lifetime of agony seemed compressed into the moment that brought this knowledge to me.

We looked straight into one another's eyes. There was a message for me in his which I could not fail to read. "You know all now," they said defiantly; "do your worst."

"Either Millicent or I must leave this house!" I cried. "Decide! Which of us shall it be?"

"You can go, if you like," he answered doggedly.

This was the end. "I will go at once," I said.

My preparations for departure were soon complete. My first impulse was to go somewhere by train, miles and miles away. A long way off from Jim and Millicent, I could think things over better. Putting on my hat and coat, I noticed my purse lying on the dressing-table—mean, poverty-stricken purse that I suddenly remembered contained not one farthing. I had intended to ask Jim for an advance out of my house-keeping money that very morning, and now—I could never in this life ask Jim Morland for anything again!

A woman's face stared at me from the looking-glass. It could not have been my own face, for this woman smiled at me—a grim, hard

smile; she nodded her head significantly once or twice, and I found myself repeating the words I read upon her mocking lips: "Drown yourself! drown yourself! The river journey costs nothing."

Oh, equally wise words! You were right, you were right! The river was there to drown me and my trouble, and the sooner the better.

As I turned to leave the room, that I might fare forth on this, the great, inevitable journey, Jim knocked at my door. He came in sulky and reluctant, but conciliatory. He hadn't, of course, meant what he had said; had been speaking to Millicent, who would leave the house at once rather than cause a misunderstanding between us. Would I not come down and make friends with her and forget all the jealous nonsense I had talked in the morning?

Was this a reprieve from death? If Jim were willing Millicent should go away, I need not drown myself. Yet I was not glad or comforted; no trust was left in me. But—they should have their chance to make wrong right, so, though sick and hopeless at heart, I resumed my everyday ways and returned to my household occupations.

We dined all three together that evening—what a cosy little party we looked! I had taken extra pains to provide a dainty meal, and, moved by some unusual impulse of extravagance, ordered flowers sufficient to nearly cover the table. I dressed for dinner carefully, wearing one of the few pretty frocks I possessed. My cheeks were burning, my eyes shining, but my heart was like lead within me.

Millicent looked at the table, surprised, as she took her seat.

"Why," she said, "we have white flowers enough here for a wedding!"

"Or a funeral," said I, and thought that it was because of the bitterness in my voice that my companions blushed.

We studiously talked dreary commonplaces to hide our thoughts from one another, till Jim said I looked pale, and should take a glass of Burgundy. I protested, but he went himself to the sideboard to get out the wine he wanted. Standing there with his back towards us, he filled a glass, which he brought round to me himself. As he set the wine before me, he laid his hand upon my shoulder. "Drink that, old girl," he said kindly, almost affectionately; "I see now that you've been letting yourself run down, and I shall be having you a patient on my hands if I don't look after you."

When Judas kissed Christ, he set the fashion in treachery. With my husband's hand still resting caressingly upon my shoulder, I drank his wine, thus taking the first step towards the death-snare laid for me. That night I went early to my room, feeling sick and queer; before a week was out, I had, indeed, become one of Jim's patients, too ill to leave my bed.

The days pass; I grow steadily worse, not better. While I lie helpless, racked with pain, Millicent has assumed the management of the house. There is no more talk of her going away. She comes to me once or twice a day, and I can see a look of malicious triumph in her eyes as she asks coldly what she can do for me. In the evenings she and Jim sit together. I, lying in the room overhead, am conscious of the smoke of his pipe and their frequent laughter. Those were my hours of torture.

But comfort came at last. I dreamt one night that *someone was trying to poison me*. When I awoke it was early morning. Outside my window there was a stir and twitter of birds; within the house, I only was waking. For the moment my head was clear, I was free from pain. As I lay there idly watching the morning sunshine, my dream came back to me; then suddenly I recognised its reality. A moment's thought proved the truth of my conviction—Jim's wine, Jim's medicine, Millicent's broth, all resulted in much the same sort of suffering for me, all were helping on the much-desired consummation of my decease.

Oh, the horror, the cruelty of it! But, oh, the blessed chance that I have not died helplessly ignorant and unavenged! So, let Jim and Millicent kill me as deftly, as craftily as they may, I am forewarned. Like the blind giant Samson, I shall not die alone.

Two weeks have passed since my day of comfort broke. The end for me is now here. I leave all ready. Old Lawyer Sutton has in his possession a sealed packet—to be opened after my death. It contains my accusation against Jim and Millicent, a request for a post-mortem examination. I also enclose a small bottle of medicine and of broth, both of which, I am sure, will on analysis show traces of arsenic.

Just before I sent for Mr. Sutton I had almost a qualm of remorse. I had been thinking of Jim on the scaffold. High up there, what a handsome man he still would look! Little changed is he, indeed, since the days when, only a medical student, but such a good-looking young fellow, we used to meet by stealth at the bottom of my father's orchard. Evening after evening he used to walk five miles out of town and back for the sake of half-an-hour's love-making with me. Sometimes there was a moon, sometimes there was summer darkness; but we always found one another under the old apple-tree in which we could sit together and kiss and promise, in spite of vexatious parents and poverty, that we would love one another for ever and ever.

Remembering those old days, my heart grew soft within me, and "Kill me if you will, Jim," I thought; "but I cannot hurt you."

Then they came together into my room, Millicent and my husband, and, as my eyes met the eyes of my murderers, all sense of pity left me.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



Millicent seemed more amiable than usual. "Jim is thinking of having another doctor in to see you," she informed me. "Isn't it ridiculous? You really look ever so much better to-day."

"I don't want to see a doctor," I said; "I know I'm dying, and if Jim can't cure me, no one else can."

"I think I'll ask Brown to walk back with me from the hospital," said Jim nervously. "He might suggest a different treatment."

"Perhaps—if he understood. But he's not very clever; he'll not find out what ails me."

I spoke softly, but Jim heard me. A shadow fell on his face, and he looked at me anxiously, interrogatively. But Millicent was equal to the occasion.

"Never mind, dear," she said to me sweetly; "if it pleases Jim, he may bring Dr. Brown to see you, though we neither of us believe him to be as clever as our own doctor here."

A couple of hours later, Jim ushered this stupid-looking young man into my room, pointed out to him the symptoms of my illness, which clearly indicated that I was suffering from peritonitis, and described his treatment of my case. Brown, scarcely noticing me, the patient, listened to Jim attentively, agreed with him in everything, made a few random suggestions as to diet, and took his departure. His visit was, on Jim's part, a prudent precaution. Then I knew the time had come for me to take precautions, so I asked to see the old lawyer. Millicent came with him into the room and remained while he was there. I bade her give Mr. Sutton the parcel, which I had ready lying in a drawer. I saw her inspect it curiously, but she could make nothing of it. "That's for Jim, Mr. Sutton," I said, "when I am gone. You must open it when you hear of my death, and you will find instructions inside."

The poor old fellow was touched at this proof of my devotion to my husband. "You've been a wonderfully good wife to him, Mrs. Morland."

"At least, I loved him very dearly. I want him to remember me when I am gone," I said, looking significantly at the packet he was holding carefully.

"I promise, willingly," he said, as he turned to take his leave of me, "to carry out all your wishes."

Directly he was gone, Millicent brought me in a glass of hot milk. I was taking so long to die, she needs must, on her own responsibility, hurry things up.

Since I drank that stuff I have passed through my mortal agony. A nurse has been fetched hurriedly; Dr. Brown brought in again; everything that could be done to alleviate my torture has been tried; my pain seems at last to have lessened, but the end can't be long.

For a few moments, when the respite came, I slept or became unconscious. When I again opened my eyes, Jim and Millicent were standing together at the foot of my bed, watching me. They are always watching me. It was growing dark, but I could see their faces, and I could imagine an eager look in my sister's eyes as she asked me whether I felt better.

"Much better," I said; for the moment my voice seemed to have grown strong and clear again. "I have been asleep and dreaming. I dreamt that you and Jim were going to be hung!"

Never did I see anything like the hateful, frightened faces these two turned to one another.

Millicent staggered, and would have fallen but that she held on to Jim. I thought that, for a moment, he shrank from her. So their punishment has begun already, and these eyes, these dying eyes, have seen it! They, fools! plotted to thrust me away that they might be together, but my dead body shall lie ever between them, and my dead hands shall hold them one at either side of me in relentless grip. So may we perchance spend Eternity together.

Night is passing slowly—was ever such a night? Storm, rain, and wind shake the house and beat fiercely at my window. When the spell of pain is on me, I hear nothing for the blood beating in my ears; when the pain eases for a moment, I listen to the shrieking of the wind. Can the wind be some demon outside who waits ravenously to seize my soul?

Two people, a man and a woman, with faces grey and anxious as ghosts, keep wandering in and out of the room; first one comes, gazes at me for a moment, and disappears; then creeps in the other, furtively, cautiously. Both are frightened, nervous, but not so much afraid of me as they are of meeting one another.

A white-capped nurse sits, indifferent, before the fire. I am dying—oh yes, I know; and a good thing too, for I'm so tired, so dreadfully tired. If those grey-faced people would but keep away from me, I might die in peace. The woman is kneeling by my bed now. She has caught hold of my hand—I am too weak, I cannot take it from her. What does she want? She looks imploringly at me. I wish she would let go my hand. The man is there too, now—he is standing behind her—they both want something, something from me! What is it? Oh, I'm tired after such cruel pain—do let me rest! But it's Jim's eyes that are looking into mine, and Millicent is holding my hand! Oh, I remember now! I wished my death to ruin them, because—because—yes, I remember!

How foolish to have been angry with them—I, who once loved them both! Can I not save them?

Oh, God! I cannot speak! The nurse is there—she bends down towards me. "Nurse, can you hear? It—was—not—Jim—or—Millicent! I have poisoned myself!"

The storm has died down. Day is breaking. Life, I have laid aside all thy burthens, relinquishing even my revenge. Death comes with morning, shining like a bridegroom!

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately concerning the prospects of Grand Opera in England. That opera is not thriving as it should, all must agree; that it is a great instrument of education in music, all must admit. Why is it unsuccessful, and how could it be made to succeed? And, further, why don't we have an English School of Grand Opera?

The first and fatal obstacle to operatic prosperity is the expense. The chorus of a Grand Opera has to be large and specially trained; the orchestra is big and of extra quality; the singers are few, but expensive. Even the musical comedy can underbid the opera enormously in the way of expense. That is the secret of the non-success of most touring Grand Opera companies. What would yield a handsome profit on a farce, what would allow a musical comedy to come out straight on the week, means ruin to Grand Opera. The only way to make much money is the discovering of new popular favourites and the snapping of them up at low salaries. But even this is precarious. For your singer has no conscience, and regards contracts with the cynical scorn of a Russian diplomatist. As for relying on old public favourites, that is leaning on a sharp stick. The big singers will take half the returns to their own check, and away goes the possible profit. Unfailing good luck or a cheap popular favourite can alone make the touring opera really profitable—unless the towns it visits would give a municipal subsidy.

Another cause given by some persons as explaining the ill-success of opera in English is the idiotic quality of English translated libretti. And, indeed, they are commonly very infamous. Better they might readily be made, but not much better—that is a delusion shared by many who ought to know otherwise. For, to fit English words to a foreign rhythm, and yet let them scan and read properly, is at times a physical impossibility. The words of German operas could surely be done into English with some approach to the proper rhythm. But French, for instance, baffles the best translators, except in rare and happy cases.

But the libretto does not matter so very much. The music is the thing, and lovers of music hardly notice the doggerel on which it is strung. Besides, the words are often heard very imperfectly. And, then, the original libretto itself is very often no astounding work of art. If it is not obviously inadequate, that is all we can fairly ask. No, it is not bad libretti that spoil the chances of Grand Opera. It is simply the exorbitant cost of the performance.

And, further, Grand Opera ought not to be a matter for private speculation. The odds are against such a venture turning out even tolerably well. Even if there is capital enough, the infinite dissensions of singers, the enormous risk of sudden wrong-headed desertion by some precious member of the company, render it necessary for the manager to have some support from outside—either in money or in municipal approval and commendation. The director of Grand Opera must be a personage, and an assured personage. Authority must be his, also money, no matter how. He must be able to threaten and promise, and carry out his words.

Why should not London's new districts combine to furnish their part of London with opera? Or, why should they not provide a central State Opera for themselves, as will be most clearly within their rights? There must be enough capable men to watch over these new theatres, and keep down the subsidies required. We do not remember that historic German cities, all smaller than the least of the divisions of London, have their opera, as a matter of course. We need to make opera a real part of municipal affairs. It can hardly pay by itself; yet it needs but a minor subsidy to make it reasonably secure.

Nothing would be a happier stroke of political art than for our present Government to encourage their new Councils to provide music of the best for their districts. No longer a mere Vestry, the District Council would take rank in the world of art. One locality would try to surpass another in the taste and splendour of its new theatre and the attractiveness of its programme—nay, the districts themselves would form local preferences for one piece or another. Rival political candidates would seek success by favouring the cause of opera—"Vote for 'Tannhäuser' and the Tories," for instance; "Liberals and 'Lohengrin,'" on the other side. The singers would not quarrel more than is necessary to preserve them in health; but what a fine field for dispute outside!

Wherefore, municipal opera be it, mitigated by "touring," but, in the main, local. We are not an unmusical race, on the whole; perhaps, with the great models in our ears, we too shall have a musical genius and a School of English Opera.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THEATRE NOTES.

The popularity of the "Robespierre" production is beyond question. George Henry Lewes's biography of "the Incorrputible"—published fifty years ago—has been republished by Chapman and Hall, while



IRVING AS ROBESPIERRE.

Messrs. Pearson are publishing a novel by a Paris journalist on Robespierre. Meantime I reproduce a letter written by Robespierre in connection with the Festivity of the Supreme Being, 20 Prairial, 1793—

Is it not he, whose immortal hand, engraving in the heart of man the code of equality and of justice, traced the sentence of death for tyrants? Is it not he who, from the break of ages, decreed a Republic and ordained for all nations liberty of "bonne foi" and of justice? He did not create kings to devour human species, he did not create priests to harness us as animals vile to the chariots of kings, and to give to the world the example of "basseesse," pride, perfidy, avarice, and of lies; he created the Universe to show forth his power, he created mankind to love one another and to help one another mutually, and to arrive to happiness by the road of virtue. The Author of Nature had bound all mortals by a chain, immense, of love and felicity: perish the tyrants that have dared break it.

Frenchmen! You combat the kings. You are worthy to honour the Divinity, Being of Beings, Creator of Nature, the vile slave, the vile puppet of despotism, the aristocrat perfidious and cruel, outrage you in calling to you. But the defenders of liberty may abandon themselves in confidence in your paternal breast, Being of Beings. We have not to address to you unjust prayers; you know creatures born from your hands, their wants; nothing escapes any longer your regard more than their secrets. The hatred of bad faith and of tyranny burn in our hearts with that love of justice and of native love. Our blood rises in the cause of humanity. Such is our prayer. Such are our sacrifices. Such is the cult we offer you.

When, a couple of years ago, Dr. F. Osmond Carr and some friends founded a Lyric Stage Academy at 46, Chandos Street, in the thick of the theatres, all who knew of it said that the institution would supply a long-felt want. It has trained many ladies and not a few gentlemen who have obtained engagements. The teachers of singing, dancing, deportment, elocution, fencing, are among the best; and students have made rapid progress there in mastery of the stage. Dr. Carr's absorbing engagements with the Carl Rosa Company, however, necessitate some change, and the Academy will be, at least for a time, under Mr. Adrian Ross as Managing Director, while Mr. W. A. Barratt, a rising composer of light music, will occupy the post of Registrar, and welcome novices in on May 1.

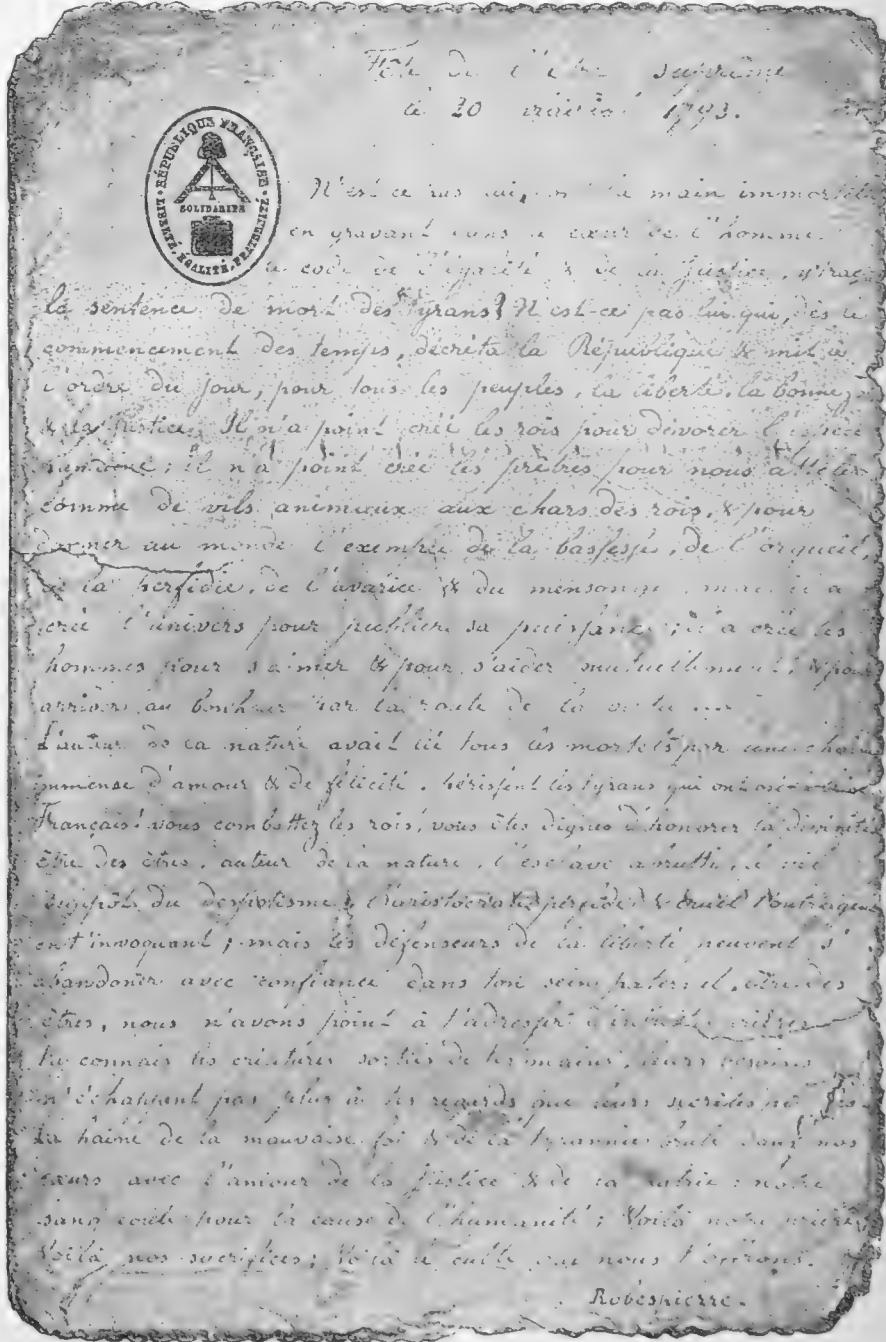
Three Pinero plays were performed in London on Wednesday, for "Dandy Dick" was put on by the Royal Albert Hall Dramatic Club at the West Theatre in the Albert Hall—where I had never been before. The best bit of acting was done by Mrs. Walkes as the jaunty Georgiana Tidman. Her comrades played in too low a key, and suffered from rather defective stage-management. But I thank them for having given "Dandy Dick" a fresh canter. I am sure he could run at a regular theatre.

Last Wednesday, at the Steinway Hall, Miss Norah Nicolas gave her second concert, before a large and appreciative

audience. The young violinist rendered, with much charm and skill, Wilhelmi's paraphrase of "Parsifal," and played with *élan* her part in one of Raff's sonatas for violin and pianoforte.

On Friday evening the Elizabethan Stage Society will act, for the first time in England, Edward FitzGerald's adaptation of Calderon's famous drama, "Life's a Dream," at St. George's Hall. This play, the most celebrated of all Calderon's writings, has been translated into many languages, and performed with success on almost every stage in Europe. In England the play has been much studied for its literary value and the exceeding beauty and lyrical sweetness of its passages. The story, which Shakspere, from a comic point of view, develops in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," Calderon, in his drama, invests with a solemn and sublime dignity. As many readers may be unfamiliar with Calderon's drama, its argument may be given here—

An aged monarch of Poland, though counted childless, once had a son; but hearing at his birth his horoscope, he learned that this son should be fierce and ungovernable and cruel, and that he should himself one day lie prostrate at his feet. This son, whom he has feared to acknowledge, still lives—brought up in a remote tower, with only the King's Chamberlain conscious of the secret. But now the father is touched with remorse, and repents of the cruelty with which he has sought to defeat the possible violence of his son. He will bring him forth and make proof of his disposition. If he bear himself well in this trial, he shall be acknowledged as the heir; if otherwise, he shall be sent back to his dungeon. In mercy to the young Prince, it has been determined by his father that he shall be brought to the palace while under the influence of a sleeping-potion, so that, should he prove unworthy, being borne back to his dungeon under the power of another, he may be persuaded that all the pomp and glory with which he was surrounded for a brief moment was indeed only a dream which he dreamed. The experiment is tried, with the consequence that it is acknowledged by all the courtiers nothing can be done with him but to replace him in his former dungeon once more, which accordingly is done. But a great part of the army and the people, learning that there is a rightful heir to the throne, rise in insurrection against an arrangement which would give the crown to any other. They care nothing for the prophecy of the stars; and, finding their way to the place of Sigismund's confinement, burst into his dungeon and demand that he should place himself at their head and conquer for himself a throne. The old King is worsted in battle, and has to throw himself at his son's feet for mercy, and thus the menace of the stars is accomplished.



FACSIMILE OF ROBESPIERRE'S DECLARATION ON THE FÊTE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

The ladies' match, Married *v.* Single, played over the beautiful course of the Wimbledon Park Sports Club, was organised by Mrs. Harry Willock, captain of the Woking and of the Littlestone Ladies' Golf Clubs, and by Miss Issette Pearson, secretary of the Ladies' Golf Union.

No order of going in was maintained, the players being arranged as nearly as possible according to their handicap, and a somewhat novel



MISS PEARSON, SECRETARY OF THE LADIES' GOLF UNION, PUTTING
AT WIMBLEDON.
Photo by Russell, Wimbledon.

feature in a ladies' match was the fact of its being of thirty-six holes. During the morning the matches were closely contested, though the Married won only two matches and halved two, but no one was more than four down. Owing to the wet state of the ground, many were the additional difficulties encountered, but the golfers continued to play with unflagging enthusiasm, and the match resulted in a defeat for the married side.

The Ranelagh Club Ladies' Open Golf Meeting, held on the 12th and 13th inst., proved a greater success than ever, there being the record number of 152 entries. About 140 of these competed, representatives of Prince's, Woking, Wimbledon, Mid-Surrey, Yarmouth, Barham Downs, &c. Players for the first time were allowed to compete for one class only—scratch or handicap. Miss Anderson made the second-best scratch score of the day, 86, and Miss Stephenson holed out in 85, but she had entered for the handicap, so the scratch trophy went to the ex-Berwick and now Prince's player. The second handicap prize fell to Miss Sant, 90—7=83, and the Ladies' Golf Union Gold Medal, also competed for the first day, was won by Miss Stephenson (Beckenham). Eight clubs competed next day—Prince's, Wimbledon, Beckenham, West Lancashire, Bexhill, Littlestone, Great Yarmouth, and Mid-Surrey. Prince's won the challenge-cup presented by Mr. Thomas Pearson with a total of 341 strokes: Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, 85; Miss Blanche Anderson, 77; Miss Pascoe, 89; Miss M. E. Phillips, 90. Miss Anderson's play was extremely fine throughout, her score being as follows—

Out	5 5 4 5 4 4 6 3 5	—42	77
Home	5 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4	—35	

It is a long journey of over 550 miles from London to Cruden Bay, in Aberdeenshire, where the new golf-course laid out by the

Great North of Scotland Railway Company has just been inaugurated by a professional competition; but you may dine in the Metropolis in the evening and breakfast next morning at the Cruden Bay Hotel. The Earl of Erroll played one day at Tooting Bee, a beau-ideal inland course, and next day on these new Buchan links, within sight of his castle by the sea. His lordship may have breakfasted at home, but at the hotel, which the railway company have erected at great expense, he would have received entertainment worthy of a prince, or even of a stockbroker accustomed to the palaces of the seaside resorts of England. It was a bold enterprise on the part of the Great North (not Great Northern) to spend so many tens of thousands of pounds in trying to attract visitors to this stern, far-off land; but its very remoteness, coupled with the unquestionable merits of the links, may bring the railway company a due reward. The genuine golfer dislikes show. There are golfers, it is true, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh—young advocates, the sons of sheriffs and Writers to the Signet—who cannot play happily unless they spend an hour on their toilet; but the well-to-do Englishman and the average Scotchman sympathise with the remark of a member of a club who objected to the admission of ladies because then he would not be able to dress as he pleased. At Cruden Bay there is no parade. You step down from the hotel by a series of terraces to the links, and there you will spend two hours on your game without being pressed or stared at or otherwise troubled. The air, it need scarcely be said, is as pure as any in Scotland: Mr. Bram Stoker, wandering along the coast, pitched his tent (figuratively, of course) at this place before the great hotel was erected, and made Cruden Water immortal by a book. The professionals, including Harry Vardon, the open champion, who took part in the recent tournament, and who, on the second day of the competition, experienced half a gale, bore testimony to the sporting character of many of the holes. But professionals are not its only admirers. Mr. Bryce, who adds a little golf to many accomplishments, played over the course at Easter, and



A NEW GOLF-COURSE IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

when he came back to London spoke eulogistically of its variety and of its turf. The thousand feet which tramped over the turf in following Vardon must have still further improved it for play. With undulating ground, with sand-bunkers, with "burns," and with bents to punish the wild drives, there is plenty of sport. The ground has several surprises, and thereby the interest of the game is maintained.

THE OPEN QUESTION RE-OPENED.

(With apologies to Miss Elizabeth Rollins.)

To those who recently followed with interest and apprehension the history of Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Gano, the following extracts from a San Franciscan daily paper may prove reassuring—

SAN FRANCISCO SPREAD EAGLE, —, 18—.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—ALARMING ADVENTURE OF A TOWNSMAN.

The fishing-boat, *Celestial City*, No. 10,007, Ezra B. Pettigrew, captain, when making for harbour last evening, observed, at the cessation of a severe gale from S.E., a small sail-boat tossed by wind and waves. On examination through a spy-glass it proved to be the *Yaffi*, China Town, and its occupants, a lady and gentleman, were discovered to be prostrated by sea-sickness. The gallant seamen of the *Celestial City* tacked towards it, boarded the boat, rescued the crew, and took the sail-boat in tow.

NEARLY DROWNED.

The lady and gentleman, to whom hot brandy and other restoratives were speedily administered, proved to be Mr. Ethan B. Gano and his charming wife, Mrs. Valeria Gano, both of this city.

SUBSTANTIAL FORM OF GRATITUDE.

It is needless to say that on safely reaching the harbour they expressed themselves as sincerely grateful to the crew of the *Celestial City* in a form substantially expressing their gratitude.

SAN FRANCISCO SPREAD EAGLE, —, 18—.

At Oakland, San Francisco, on the 15th inst., the wife of Ethan Gano of a son, Ethan John. Both doing well.



MRS. WILLOCK AND MISS PHILLIPS PUTTING AT WIMBLEDON.
Photo by Russell, Wimbledon.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 26, 8.12; Thursday, 8.14; Friday, 8.15; Saturday, 8.17; Sunday, 8.19; Monday, May 1, 8.21; Tuesday, 8.22.

I have just been reading a bundle of papers specially devoted to cycling. They are brightly and refreshingly written. Fresh air and plenty of wheeling make a man healthy, genial, and prone to joking. But I notice that most gentlemen on the cycling papers, the moment they discern even a suggestion in favour of the registration and taxation of bicycles, immediately get into the condition of the bull on sighting a red rag. I would be sorry to write all the terrible names applied to those sport-hating wretches who advocate taxation. Yet, in private conversation with cyclists, I have generally found a willingness to pay a modest five shillings a-year, because advantages would result certainly worth the money.

Now, no one can accuse me of being a grumpy old man who hates a bicycle as a certain unappreciated person hates holy water. I'm as enthusiastic as any man in London for cycling, and I rather fancy I've cycled as much as any man in the different countries of the earth. And it is simply because I honestly believe that registration and taxation would be a benefit that I urge their adoption.

I have heard five shillings mentioned as a very suitable amount. Everybody who can afford a bicycle can afford that. There should be a distinctive badge for the year—red, green, blue, or yellow with the changing years, so that it can be seen at a glance whether a rider has paid the tax for the current year or not. In the case of *bond-fide* working-men, who use their wheels as a means of transit to and from work, I would relieve them of taxation altogether, and their bicycles would carry a differentiating badge, say, one of white. Each bicycle should, of course, be registered, so that the police could at once find the owner. The tax should not be Imperial, but local, collected by the County Council or Municipality. London might be divided into districts; all people living in the S.W. district to have a diamond-shaped badge, all in the S.E. a heart-shaped, all in the N.W. an oval, and so on. Thus, as there are so many cyclists, the numbers would not run up to unrememberable figures. The police would have a right to arrest anybody without a badge. In the case of the "scorcher," he could be easily recognised. No 719 on a diamond badge would be far easier to remember than 22,286, say, on a general badge. Every bicycle, being registered, would bear an unremovable stamp of registration. See what a check this would be to the bicycle-thief! He couldn't very well go riding on a bicycle without a number, and he couldn't take out a fresh number, because the authorities would have impressed a mark to show the machine was already registered; that would at once raise suspicion.

Naturally, I have no sympathy with dawdling old fogies who deliberately stick themselves in the middle of the road and cause inconvenience to cyclists. But neither have I any sympathy with the reckless rider who scorches through busy traffic, and who, when he knocks over an old woman or an old man, jumps upon his machine and escapes. Such a thing, however, happens daily. That man is both a coward and a blackguard, and he does incalculable mischief in the minds of the non-cycling public. They get the idea all cyclists are alike, and we've all got to suffer because of the ruffians. Some of us, I hope, are inoffensive cyclists. We like a good, rattling spin. But we've a right to consider other people.

If I cause an accident, it should be beyond my power to slip away, even if I wanted to. Decent, respectable cyclists would gain an advantage by the tax. The only folks who have anything to fear are the selfish, loud-mouthed, heedless-of-everybody-else fellows.

There is a strong reason why the tax should be imposed, not by the State, but by the local authorities. Cyclists grumble more than anybody else about the roads, for a road may be good for carriages and pedestrians, but bad for wheelers. If we paid the piper, we would have some right to call the tune, and it would soon be a plank in the programme of every candidate for municipal or County Council honours that he will see to the wants of the cyclists. We in England have, generally speaking, the best roads in the world. Still, they're not all that could be desired. America has got poorer roads than we have, from the public point of view, but the roads are better than ours from the cyclist's point. The wheelmen in many of the States tax themselves, and, with the money, cinder-tracks are laid along the roadsides. Near the towns the track is wide, but away in the country, though narrowed down, maybe, to just the width of a thin footpath, there is still the track. In hot weather one hasn't to go ploughing through the dust; in wet weather there is no dirt or slush. We want something like that in this country. The stay-at-home Britisher seldom wears crowing about his own marvellous superiority. But, as a matter of fact, we've all got much to learn. And we cyclists, as a body, are a bit slow. It's very excellent, no doubt, to belong to a club that enrolled three marchionesses among its members last month, and hopes to add a duke next month, but our chief ambition should be to get good roads. The power of the big clubs in this direction is absolutely *nil*. Let us pay our modest five shillings a-year—not as an extortion by the authorities; but as money well laid out for value to be received. Once let local candidates see that, if they want the cycling vote, they must promise little cinder-tracks

by the side of our main roads; and then you'll hear them declaring they are only right and proper, and what they've believed in since they were small boys, and will all be wondering why on earth we didn't have them years ago. In America, they fine a man five dollars if he takes a horse or the wheel of a cart on the cycling-path.

My object in advocating a tax is not that I am anxious to spend even five shillings needlessly, or in any way to injure cycling. But a tax would give us better right to grumble, it would undoubtedly lead to an improvement of our roads, and we would be saved from much of the opprobrium that is now heaped upon the general crowd of cyclists by reason of the reckless ruffians and "scorchers" that unfortunately are among our number.

One of the most popular wheels on the other side of the Atlantic is the "Cleveland." This machine, with several little alterations to make it suitable for English riders, is now securing large numbers of riders in this country. Certainly the "Cleveland" is a very trim and neat machine. The Burwell combination ball-and-roller bearing is introduced in this year's pattern. When balls in an ordinary bearing move, as they do, all in one general direction, yet, as related to each other, the rear surface of every ball is moving in an opposite direction to the front surface of the ball behind it, there is friction. But in the Burwell ball-and-roller plan, the balls are separated by means of tiny rollers, so there is no opposed frictional resistance of one ball to the other, but the merest contact of the rollers, each moving with the ball. This little mechanism secures a gain in easy running. J. F. F.



THE TINIEST TRIPLET AWHEEL: THESE CHILDREN ARE AGED RESPECTIVELY FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The win of Newhaven II. in the City and Suburban proves that the big Australian horse has now become thoroughly acclimatised, and he may have to be reckoned with in the Jubilee Stakes, for which, by-the-bye, Survivor holds a big chance only in the absence of Bridegroom. By-the-bye, if any of the licensed victuallers who attended Epsom this



MR. W. COOPER'S NEWHAVEN II., WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

year to see the City and Suburban were at the first race in 1851, they must have pleasant recollections of the day, for it so happens that at that time the "Trade" was being harassed by some very stringent Bills it was intended to pass through Parliament; but, through their champion in the House of Lords, Lord Eglinton, these Bills were thrown out. It so happened that his lordship had a horse called Elthiron entered in the race, which the "Trade" went for, and they had the satisfaction to see his lordship's horse roll home, and at a nice price, and a most enjoyable day was spent, especially on the road back to town.

The Earl of Crewe is very likely to go in more for racing in the future, as he has often of late visited Kingsclere to see his horses doing their work, and I hope to see them to the fore before the season has far advanced. Lord Crewe, as Junior Steward of the Jockey Club, will, as a matter of course, have to attend all the principal meetings in his official capacity, and it can be taken for granted that the Countess will be at Ascot, Goodwood, Chester, Epsom, and Sandown. Lord Crewe is, I am very glad to hear, a member of the forward school in racecourse politics, and we can now look forward to some real reforms, as the Earl of Durham, if report speaks truly, is going to propose big things, and he should be ably seconded by the Earl of Crewe. I hope the bookmakers will be licensed, and that a strong body of Jockey Club constables will be established to be available at all the South Country meetings. The force would pay for itself in no time, and its establishment would add to the popularity of the home meetings.

The Epsom Summer Meeting this year begins on the Tuesday following Whit-week, which is fortunate for the Bank Holiday fixtures that take place the previous week. Ascot begins on June 13, and Goodwood will open on July 25. Racegoers will, as usual, have to travel up to London for the Alexandra Park Meeting on July 29, but the following Monday will this year, luckily, be a blank, as the August Bank Holiday does not come till the 7th of the month. After Goodwood, racing will be tame till Sept. 5, when the Doncaster Meeting begins. Then racegoers will disperse until Sept. 26, when the First October Meeting opens at Newmarket. Many of the old-stagers will finish for the year with the Houghton Meeting, which opens on Oct. 24, while others will follow the game right up to Nov. 25, when the Manchester Meeting ends.

Flying Fox has won his trial, and I suppose he will run a great colt in the Two Thousand Guineas, but I shall be surprised

if he does not get beaten by Caiman, who has improved a lot of late. Should the Kingsclere colt win at Newmarket, he would become very warm for the Derby; but, from information received, I am inclined to think the Epsom race will be fought out by Birkenhead and the French colt Holocauste. The first-named is now in good work again, and he is sound and well. Darling is not one to hurry a young horse in his preparation, but he hopes to have the colt thoroughly fit by Derby Day. An esteemed Parisian friend, who knows something of French racing, informs me that Holocauste cannot possibly be beaten at Epsom. We shall see.

The Railway Companies certainly do their very best in catering for racegoers; so they ought to, seeing how this special branch of their traffic pays. Advance agents attend all the principal meetings and arrange for the transmission of luggage and the issue of tickets. This is all very well for the habitual racegoers who can afford to travel first-class. What we want for the South Country meetings is more cheap trips, so as to allow the gallery people to attend race-meetings. I certainly do think people could be taken to Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, or Lingfield at a return fare of one-and-sixpence, or, say, two shillings, to include admission to the course. If people can be carried to and from the Crystal Palace for one-and-sixpence, to include admission, surely racegoers should go at similar rates.

I am told that several changes are in contemplation in the case of owners training horses at Newmarket. The general impression with certain good judges is that the little Cambridgeshire town does not, after all, provide the best galloping-ground. Further, the handicappers do not let horses trained at headquarters off too lightly. In fact, as a rule, the country-trained ones get the better of the weight-adjusting. Further, as I have for years argued, the Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Berkshire Downs produce the best results. Horses trained on the hills, moreover, get fit much quicker than they do at Newmarket, and they are more successful too, especially in long-distance races. Again, the training-tax charged at Newmarket is a deal too stiff.

I notice at some of the little race-meetings the programmes, as read on paper, are more or less deceptive, as not more than ten per cent. of the horses entered go to the post. I think the time has arrived for a stop to be put to the wholesale touting for entries, unless the horses entered are intended to run, as it is really deceiving the public who are called upon to pay gate. Another grievance which is very apparent just now ought to be remedied—I refer to those owners who persistently send horses to the course and then do not allow them to start, for reasons known only to themselves. This sort of thing does no end of damage to gate-money meetings, and the effect is the same as though one booked seats at the Lyceum to see Sir Henry Irving, and then found, on repairing to the theatre, that the great actor would not appear. It is even worse, as the calculations of the stay-at-home backers are entirely upset when animals do not start.

A capital catalogue of sporting books for sale has been issued by Hatchard, of Piccadilly. It is admirably arranged and clearly printed, and is well worth keeping for reference.

CAPTAIN COE.



TOD SLOAN RETURNING ON KOROSKO.

Photo by Rouch, Strand.

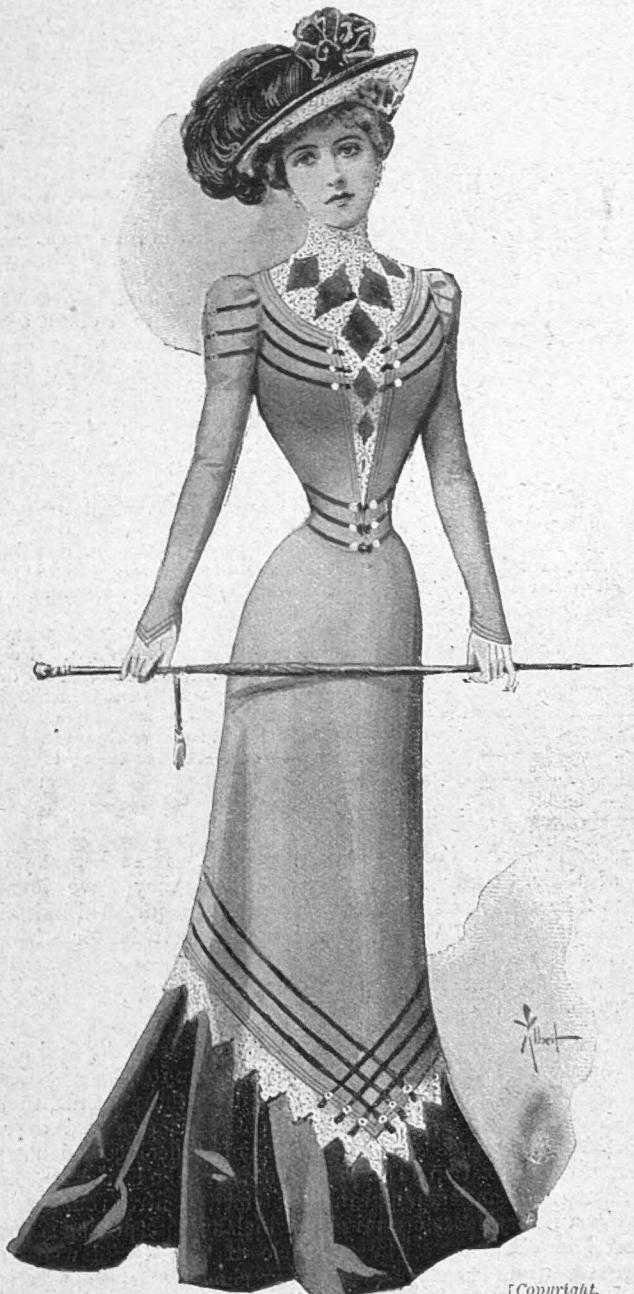
OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The time and the manners, but not yet the weather, tend largely at the moment to the sweetness and light of clothes. We want to be summery, but the east wind is more summary still, and decides that a combination of blankets and sealskins is, sartorially speaking, a most suitable duet for the present version of once smiling April. It is all very well to say that the sun shines; but what is the good of being kissed by it on one cheek and rudely slapped by stinging Boreas at the same moment on another? The contrast of such violent emotions is too sudden, but yet we suffer and live.

Shop-windows now put forth their most tempting, tantalising array, and our money flies out of our pockets to meet it, as the nails did out of Sinbad the Sailor's magnetised ship, only this exchange of coin for unwearable value received merely aggravates the matter. What on earth is the use of filling one's wardrobe and affections with all that is of the most *chic*, up-to-date, and expensive, if one may not then have the satisfaction of wearing it out as quickly as possible?

At Sandown last week, for instance, there was a very unjustifiable disarrangement of all one's previous ideas in connection with what an early-summer race-meeting should be. Diaphanous summery frocks abounded, but so did furs, and all three days of the meeting were in this respect somewhat reminiscent of last season's Ascot. There was a charming pale-green voile among the elect of clothes, with delightful little tucks about the edge which helped to simulate a flounce, done in that tricky new way of catching up tucks at intervals by means of a thread into neat little festoons. The dress had a beautifully fitting



A SMART WALKING-DRESS.

corselet of Irish guipure, which was finished at the throat by a collar of violet velvet. A short and very smart bolero of the stuff finished this frock to admiration.

Foulards also made their welcome reappearance, and one of most

persuasive elegance was done in a small check of black, white, and red, with elaborate chiffon tuckings on the white satin revers, and, inside, a neat little vest of black satin cravated with ivory lace and fastened with small gold buttons.

Yet another swirling skirt was in one of the new alpacas, fresh versions of which accommodating material are always coming to the



[Copyright.]

A RICHLY EMBROIDERED DINNER-GOWN.

front. This particular specimen by which my fancy has been enthralled was in the softest pistachio-green, with revers of ivory panne, which had knots of little pink roses thrown down, as it were, on the ivory background. Ivory muslin and lace were tied at the throat over a green glacé cravat.

Apropos, I have been lately questioned by several correspondents as to the popularity of alpaca, and may now announce, with as much certainty as can ever apply to uncertain fashion, that it will be an inseparable, as it always remains an abiding, friend this season. The quality of alpaca, like mercy, is not strained in the matter of looking fresh and acceptable after many calls on its bounty, and in our athletic, fast-walking days the attribute has its merits.

Chiffon, mousseline, and the rest, are not, as we know, "to the manner born" of buffets, while alpaca is known to endure much, and being a practical generation, notwithstanding our other extravagances, we can appreciate its applicability to morning wear and all work-a-day occasions generally.

The little black glacé coats of Paris will replace the cloth of our present Thames-side affections as soon as ever the weather-fiend gives them a chance; however, it is early days to go after taffetas. Most of these dainty coats are profusely tucked in diagonal lines, sometimes in stitched basques. Dark women will not be able to wear them without a lot of white lace in front, but they are very smart on fair daughters of Eve.

Being of the stuff that extravagance is made of, many women will

doubtless attempt these coats in pale-coloured silks later on. Half-a-dozen days in grimy London will do for them, but what does that or anything matter since we have all taken to making fortunes in copper? I heard only two days ago of an enterprising little lady who has netted £10,000 within a fortnight over—I must not say on what; but Society at the moment is largely divided over the rival attractions of "Bridge" and bucket-shops. When things come out right—and one only hears of those that do—an endless vista of clothes and other acceptable accessories is opened up.

Apropos of accessories, the latest fashion of shoes is that each pair should match the dress with which they are to be worn. Embroideries of gold and silver are being used not only on the front of shoes, but along the sides as well. For instance, Lady Margaret Primrose's bridal shoes, which were naturally of white satin, were embroidered in a daisy pattern with silver-lined beads all around the shoe. To go with a pink satin dinner-dress she has had several pairs of *souliers* done in pink satin and embroidered



A NEAT WALKING-DRESS.

in silver. To match a pale-blue and green gown, shoes of the same materials were sent, the green satin being embroidered in gold and the blue in steel.

The mention of embroidery reminds me of some wonderful specimens of ancient Italian and Portuguese handiwork so cleverly imitated by the Singer Manufacturing Company as to almost deceive an expert in the craft; and, when one thinks of the fond labour of other long-past days, and how patiently our gentle forebears sat at tambour-frames and tapestry for quite three-quarters of their uneventful lives, it almost seems like sacrilege to outshine their best effects with the ruthless celerity of our modern methods. Still, though, as Owen Meredith says, old things may be best, there is no doubt that the old order has changed, to our very certain advantage, and, instead of waiting ten years for the completion of wall-hanging or window-curtain, we can arrive, by the mighty aid of machinery, at all our desires at the end of as many days.

A novel scheme of insurance has, by the way, been started by the enterprising Singer Manufacturing Company, which, when generally known to their large public, should result in a greatly increased popularity even for their universally popular machines. One of the many advantages in connection with it will be that to all cash-buyers of a new machine

the Singer Company will undertake to give another one should the first happen to be destroyed by fire within twelve months of its purchase. Several other newly born benefits which will seriously facilitate the purchase are also included in the list, as, for example, the very generous concession which makes it possible to hire a ten-guinea Singer machine, without giving any security whatever, on payment of one shilling weekly towards its purchase, and one penny weekly for insurance; while, furthermore, even if the hirer dies the following week, the machine becomes his family's property absolutely. These conditions, amongst others, are surely liberal enough to induce even the poorest to avail themselves of such lavishly easy terms.

The subject of machinery is on other counts a very interesting one to the Eternal Feminine this season, seeing the immense quantity of lace that is to be worn everywhere, and over everything on which it can possibly be crowded. Not to all have heirlooms in Mechlin and Rose point been allotted—nor is it within the limitations of everybody's dress-allowance to indulge in the modern handicraft which can only be annexed by "considerable transactions in money." Great impetus has, however, been given to the manufacture of imitation laces this year owing to the universal demand for the very best kinds, and those only, and as a result some really quite lovely specimens of all the chiefest kinds of lace are now obtainable, which, both in delicacy and general finish, run the laborious handicraft of our ancestresses very close indeed. Polonaises entirely made of lace will be worn for even outdoor occasions as the season advances. I had a glimpse of one last week, just made for a Russian Archduchess, which will be worn at Longchamps on the first warm Sunday, and which is a dream of definite but delightful extravagance. The polonaise is really composed of five- or six-inch insertions joined together under tiny bouillonnées of peach-coloured mousseline, that being the material of which the dress is made, over a taffetas under-skirt to match. These insertions separate below the knee, and a foam of the peach-coloured background shows through. The sleeves, extremely small and tight, form mittens, which come over the hand. A scarf of embroidered white mousseline is brought round the shoulders and knotted, fichu-fashion, in front, while the hat to go with this delicious costume is a white crinoline straw, trimmed with low-lying black feathers caught down in front with a large, handsome Louis Quinze buckle in old paste.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY KENNETH.—The reply to your letter has been unavoidably held over until now, as I did not know the date of Madame Kinka's arrival from Paris. She is established at 168, Piccadilly, first floor, and, from what I hear, should fulfil all your requirements of moderately priced and quite smart millinery.

MILADE (Hampstead).—You will find in my reply to "Lady Kenneth" the reason of delay in also answering yours. I am always glad to be of use, and can at any time answer questions relating to clothes in these columns.

Mrs. A. G. K. (Oranienhof).—I am sorry for the delay in replying to your note of inquiry. You will find particulars in my answer to "Lady Kenneth."

JULIETTE (Biarritz).—I think you will find Jay's gloves very good and well-shaped. Gloves are not now much worn above the elbow for evening, too long gloves being as *démodé* as too short. The *juste milieu* can be arrived at by ordering those for evening-wear to the elbow, and four-button length for long-sleeved occasions.

CECILE (Galway).—Decidedly foulards will be worn, and the satin-faced sort that came out here at the end of last season is being again freely shown in the shop-windows. The most novel style for your green-and-white would be a pointed peplum, or tunic, long in front, shorter behind, the scalloped edges trimmed with gathered lace. Three flounces on the skirt are trimmed in the same manner. The idea is taken from a Paris model of Paquin's.

AMERICAN (Hôtel Cecil).—(1) Perhaps you mean the old town of Aspromonte. It is perched high up on a craggy rock, and overlooks the Var valley. I cannot tell you about hotels, but any of your friends still in the South could, no doubt, find out easily. (2) Jay's would look after your sables while you are in England. I do not know if they could have the satin shoes made to match your friend's dresses, but, since they are making the gowns, should suppose they could. Why does she not write and ask them? (3) For the little theatre-toque try Kinka, of 168, Piccadilly. She is very smart.

SYBIL

Messrs. Scrubb and Co. have recently been so much annoyed by imitators of their Cloudy Fluid Ammonia that they have found it necessary to take active and urgent steps to prevent piratical imitations. Messrs. Parkes and Co., of Warwick, have had to apologise for infringing Messrs. Scrubb's copyrights and trade-marks in having prepared and sold a preparation with a similar name, label, and get-up as that sold by Messrs. Scrubb.

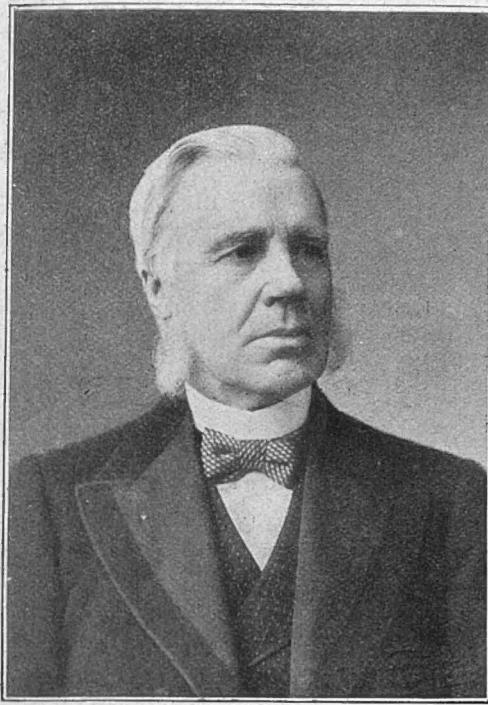
Curious are the crazes that from time to time possess the soul of that section of society that has nothing to do but amuse itself, and, whether "Spelling Bees" or "Bridge" be the affected of the moment, there is always a large amount of effervescence and enthusiasm *en l'air* over the latest fad. At present, society in Berlin flocks to a decidedly democratic resort in search of relaxation. This place, known as the Kaiser Panorama, is in the Passage Panopticum, and the excitement centres round the last views of Prince Henry's Eastern mission, which an enterprising showman has succeeded in obtaining. The spectacle of "high and well-born" Grand Duchesses and cavalrymen rubbing shoulders with what they doubtless consider *canaille* is in itself a little funny. But the diorama has other realistic attractions, and we see in one place Prince Henry reviewing hideously ugly natives at Tsintau, and in another the said barbarians, with nearly "nodings on," building forts and barracks, or a third showing sun-baked German soldiers hard at work on other colonising projects. The views are arranged in a large circular room, with peep-holes at regular intervals, and here of an afternoon all Berlin is at present to be met.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

THE WEEK.

All the features which contribute towards cheaper money have been very much in evidence during the week. The Bank has received a considerable sum in gold from abroad, there has been some contraction in the circulation, several important dividends have been distributed, and the



SIR WILLIAM LAIRD.

CHAIRMAN OF THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.

Photo by Warneke, Glasgow.

Crisp and Co., to whose affairs we referred last week, began with a storm and ended by a substantial guarantee from Mr. Fred Crisp of a 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares for the next three years. It is now quite self-evident that the directors *ought* to have known last December that the profits would be considerably curtailed, and that the issue of Ordinary shares at 10s. premium was not justified; but we advise holders to possess their stock in patience, for it is quite within the bounds of probability that, long before Mr. Crisp's guarantee expires, the profits may bound up again. We hope, by-the-bye, that the solicitor of the company will see that the necessary document is signed to make the arrangement legal and binding, for a mere verbal promise amounts to nothing at law, and, if anything happened to Mr. Fred Crisp, his executors might be in the same position as were the representatives of Colonel North in the Londonderry case.

HOME RAILS.

There was a little more animation in Home Rails directly the last Settlement ended, but it did not continue very long. Hulls have been depressed, but are now better. It is a very open question as to whether the New Docks will improve traffics much, some people even going so far as to say that they are not wanted. The Great Western traffics, comparing with the coal-strike yields of last year, gave a fillip to the stock, and many professional operators think that heavy increases week after week must bring the public in, regardless of the great increase of Ordinary stock upon which dividend will in future have to be paid.

The Great Central still appears to be a very firebrand in the Railway world, for, not content to engage in litigation with the Metropolitan, it must needs get into a fight, for the lawyers' benefit, with the Great Northern. There appears to be a strange fascination about lawsuits when you can conduct them at the expense of so indefinite a body as the shareholders of a big railway. Directors of large companies, public bodies, and a few private persons who are what we euphemistically call "eccentric," are between them responsible for three-quarters of the work with which the Law Courts are occupied. Directors get all the fun, and don't pay the piper.

Caledonians have kept a good tone since the withdrawal of the opposition to the extension of the Glasgow Station, but North British have been dull. Nobody quite knows what the policy of the new Board will be, and most people appear to think it may be as well to wait and see before operating. For ourselves, as our readers know, we have always been in favour of "Grierson's Way," and this week we are able to give portraits of the new Chairman and Vice-Chairman. We wish them every luck in the enterprise they have taken in hand.

COPPER SHARES.

Sensational is the only word to apply to the soaring of Anacondas and Rio Tintos, and the inquiry as to how long the rise can endure is to be heard on every lip. Anacondas have taken the running into their own hands, or rather, the Americans have, and New Yorkers are talking the

American exchange has moved in our favour. It is not surprising, therefore, that both short loans and discounts have been obtainable on less onerous terms, and that business upon the Stock Exchange has looked up. Investment Stocks, like Colonials or Home Rails, are so high that there is very little left for the poor speculator to do, but punt a bit in the Mining and kindred markets; hence the boom or boomlet in Western Australian shares and the buying that is going on in the deeper deep-levels of the Kaffir Circus. Our readers will not forget that our Johannesburg correspondent has been advocating these shares for several months.

The meeting of

shares to 18. The only reason which is advanced for such a preposterous rig is that the company's shares are all being acquired by the Standard Oil interest, which is working the "corner" in copper. The news that gold had been found upon the property lends colour to the report of American buying, since the rumour of the find came almost concurrently with the published announcement in the newspapers that Anacondas were to be put better. Of course, a small quantity of gold has always been found on the property, so that there is nothing remarkable in that; any stick is good enough to raise a boom with, though.

Rio Tintos have naturally risen with Anacondas, but there is a large amount of caution displayed in dealing in the shares at their present top-heavy price. The artificial quotation to which the metal itself has been forced will naturally benefit the company immensely, but the market remembers that Spain is in dire straits for money, and the Rio Tinto Mine is not yet heavily taxed. Moreover, the shares are the sport and plaything of Paris. In our market the feeling is decidedly bearish, but still there is a disposition to flee speculation in Tintos when an operation either way might result in serious blistering of the fingers.

Much safer it is, in our opinion, to turn one's attention to the lower-priced Copper shares. Of these, Copiapo and Libiola are reasonable speculations, and Cape Coppers return a handsome interest to the purchaser. There has been an increasing demand for Mount Lyells, principally on behalf of British buyers; but, up to the present, North Mount Lyells have scarcely responded to the rise in copper, and, at a fraction over 3, look a good "buy." Central Chili Copper are once more luxuriating in the possession of a fairly free market, but intending purchasers would do well to be cautious over these shares.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

The sudden boom which has sprung up in Kangaroo shares may be said to possess as little reason for its coming as the advance in Kaffirs last January. Rather less, in fact, for the South African market certainly had a remarkable series of crushings to go upon, extending over a period of more than twelve months, while Westralian mines have nothing like such good results to show their supporters. We have, however, contended in our "Notes" for some weeks past that the time was ripe for a rise in Kangaroos, the market having shown incipient signs of life after its long period of tranquility. It is good to see how the higher-priced shares have led the van of the advance. Up to the present there has been none of that dragging forth of every disreputable little concern which has so largely characterised previous boomlets in this market, and, if only the trumpery swindles which abound in its Share List are left severely alone, public confidence may gradually recover from the shock which it received in the early days of Westralians owing to the enormous crop of the aforesaid swindles which then appeared.

Golden Horseshoes—of which we strongly advised the purchase at 13—have risen to 34, and the clique that is running the shares apparently intends to put the price up to 40. Lake Views and Ivanhoes, for their sensational rise, have also to thank the "shop," and there has been a good deal of House buying upon the reports which are being circulated as to the great richness of the ore at depth. Le Roi, although, of course, not a West Australian property, has also been taken in hand by the insiders, but it is strange to notice how apathetic London and Globe shares continue in the midst of their offspring's advance. We have always held these shares in disfavour, but, from the appearance of the market at the moment, we are inclined to think that Globes may be temporarily put up. We hear on good authority that the Baker Street and Charing Cross Railway is disposed of, which will be a good thing for the parent company. Great things are looked for from Hannan's Oroya, and even at the present price we consider the shares a very fair speculation. Boulder Main Reef are highly spoken of in the market, and some of the Kalgurli group are sure to improve if the boom holds out. For a gamble *pur et simple*, Golden Pikes at 5s. 3d. will probably turn out well, and our readers who bought Waldon's Find, on our advice last week, should wait for a better profit.



MR. HENRY GRIERSON.

VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.

Photo by Lamb, Edinburgh.

THE TELEGRAPH DÉBÂCLE.

Although there has been a sharp recovery from the lowest points touched during the recent scare in the Telegraph Market, there still

remains a considerable fall as the result of the wireless telegraphy skeleton. It glided into the market so unexpectedly, and people rushed to sell their holdings so precipitately, that there was every excuse for the jobbers to mark down prices in all directions. Eastern Telegraph stock, for instance, which not many weeks ago stood at 183, suddenly fell to 160, at which price a bargain has been officially recorded this week. Anglo-American Preferred touched 111, or ten points lower than the top price this year, and Eastern Extension, from 18½, crumbled away to 16. Such a *débâcle* has not been known in this usually so staid market for many a month, and we venture to think that the fears of nervous shareholders have been hugely exaggerated. To suppose that this aërial telegraphy is going to oust the present system from its position all of a sudden is absurd. However marvellous the results may be which have been obtained at present, the new invention is still in its swaddling-clothes, and it will be years before anything approaching perfection in long-distance telegraphy can be attained. All experiments up to the present have been conducted under the most favourable conditions, and it is quite certain that the existing telegraph companies will be quick to adopt the theory of the new invention if it is proved to be of real utility. We consider that Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock at 170 and Eastern Extension shares at 16½ are distinctly worth buying, the yield on the basis of the last dividends being slightly over 4 per cent.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the two premier companies are threatened with a serious rival in the Pacific, but even with this disturbing factor we think the companies are well able to contend. A much more serious effect is likely to be produced upon the Anglo-American Telegraph Company should the proposed German line across the Atlantic become an accomplished fact. The project has been hanging over the market for more than a year, and is now beginning to assume tangible shape. The company has not got the Spanish-American War of last year to fill its coffers, nor has the American Market been in a sufficiently lively condition during the present year to have brought much grist to the "Anglo" wires on Stock Exchange business.

BROKEN HILL.

The following letter, dealing with some of the most important silver-lead mines of Broken Hill, will, we trust, prove of interest to our readers, many of whom are, we know, interested in the various companies controlling properties upon the great New South Wales silver-field. So very little is published here coming direct from the centre of activity, that we welcome an opportunity of presenting the views of a mining expert writing from the spot. We hope, in future issues, to give our correspondent's views on the sulphide and zinc questions which so vitally affect the future of Broken Hill, and accurate details of the development and prospects of the leading mines. At present, his ideas may be summed up in the statement that Proprietaries, Consols, Block 10's, and Centrals are excellent investments; Junctions and Junction Norths are, for the moment, none too promising, and Broken Hill South is the best thing for a speculative gamble.

Broken Hill, March 8, 1899.

John Bull is so interested in Broken Hill, in far-off Central Australia, that the paucity of mention of the great silver-field in the London Press is a matter of frequent comment by the nine "big" mines along the main line of lode. The Central is wholly a British concern, while British investors own the greater part of the scrip in the great Broken Hill Proprietary—the biggest silver-lead mine in the world—and the British. The Consols, just off the line, is also a London-managed property.

While the Proprietary is the largest mine of the kind in the two hemispheres—nearly £7,000,000 has been paid in dividends by it, and over £2,000,000 in bonuses and "pup" shares—the Consols yields some of the richest silver ore ever won. Within the last fortnight the new manager (Sweet) has struck in the No. 5 level what he believes to be the continuous lode. Usually, in this mine, the lode runs in a wavy formation, now bulging out, and then disappearing to a mere thread. This has been the custom in the higher levels. It looks now, however, as if the lode is going to behave properly at depth. The lode runs from 18 inches to 2 feet wide. This is small compared with the Proprietary's 200-feet lodes; but in the Consols the ore won is almost pure silver—anyway, it goes over 90 per cent. of genuine metal. It appears in the form of dyscrasite, fahlorz, and ruby silver, in a calcide formation. Within the last few hours I have been handling some of the slugs brought to the surface; they range from 20 lb. to 50 lb. in weight. By the way, the "Turtle," the third largest silver "nugget" known to the world, was dug out of this mine; it weighed over 16 cwt., and was worth intrinsically over £4000. About ten years ago the Consols Company struck some rich deposits and paid away about £50,000 in dividends. Then the "pockets" emptied. Fortunately, the London shareholders were men of grit: they stuck well to the mine, hoping for the future. Last year excellent ore was again met with; this was encouraging; from the new development I honestly think "scrippers" are going to receive their well-won reward. Work is now being carried into the deeper levels, in an endeavour to pick up the lode again in an underlying diorite body. No. 5 Level is about 360 ft. from the surface; previously the rich ore was taken out at and above the No. 2½ Level.

The Central Mine, the property of the Sulphide Corporation (of which the Earl of Kintore is chairman), in point of size ranks next to the Proprietary. In the upper levels, some excellent-value oxidised ore was won in days gone by; now work is confined almost entirely to the sulphides, which are of high value both in silver and lead. Virtually, "in sight" the mine has enough ore to last out the next twenty years. When the zinc problem is overcome, the value of the mine will be nearly doubled. Unfortunately, while the mine has been doing all that is asked of it, the company has lost heavily in experiments at its Cockle Creek works, striving to wrestle with the zinc.

The Proprietary Company for the last half-year (to Nov. 30 last) output 15,190 tons of lead and 2,691,546 oz. of silver, besides copper and gold as by-products, the whole giving a gross profit of £152,876. This half-year the yield will be larger, for extended concentrating and smelting plants are now in operation. And the mine is as healthy-looking as one could conceive. Any day the directors may be in a position to announce a solution of the zinc trouble. When they do, excellent as every prospect is now, the field will bound onward with the vigour of a man who has just finished a course of "Rainbow Pills for 'Retch'd 'Recks."

But while the local mines are experimenting, a German firm is erecting immense works to treat for zincs by magnetic separation. These works are expected to be in going order by the end of the year. They will employ about five hundred men.

Other mines that are humming along briskly are the South (paying one-and-sixpenny dividends every quarter), Block 10 (also on the dividend list), Block 14 (ditto), the Junction, the Junction North, the North, and the Pinnacles (the latter about seven miles from the others).

The value of minerals exported from Broken Hill during 1898 was: net, £1,453,969; gross, close on £4,000,000. Both the coal and gold yields of the whole province of New South Wales are less than this. For the year £358,000 was paid away in dividends, and wages were paid to 7500 odd men employed on the mines and smelters. The concentrating capacity of the mills at work is 28,000 tons a-week, and soon that amount will be increased by 5600 tons. The population of Broken Hill is 30,000 souls. Truly we are a big place, and the whole of us feel slighted when letters arrive, as one did the other day, addressed, "Broken Hill, Victoria, South Australia."

Casually surveying the chief mines of the district, there is enough ore now at hand to last another twenty-five years, and what is below is a sealed book. Nothing has been done anywhere below 850 feet, but exploration downward is at present being carried out. Outside the town—for the big mines are in the town proper—there are a number of promising properties. The Diamond Jubilee (gold and copper), the Lily (silver), and the Fairy Hill (copper) are three on which great expectations are being built. The first-named, the writer has great hopes of, and the tin leases at Euriowie, recently pegged for an English syndicate, ought to work at a profit, provided complete machinery is installed at the outset.

ISSUES.

The Mashonaland Railway Company, Limited, is offering, through the Chartered Company, £900,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, for the purpose of completing the line to Salisbury and bringing the Beira Railway up to the same gauge as the rest of the Rhodesian system. The Debentures have a rent-charge of £42,500 on the Beira and Beira Junction Railways, in addition to being a first charge on the Mashonaland Railway and having a twenty-two years' guarantee of interest from the Chartered Company. If you believe in the future of the country, there can be no doubt of the interest upon these bonds; but, then, do you?

Four per Cent. Egyptian Government Irrigation Trust Certificates, which the Bank of England is offering to the extent of £430,000, at 101, on behalf of Messrs. John Aird and Co., appear to us to be equivalent to Unified or any other Egyptian bonds, and, as such, a really first-class security for people who want a 4 per cent. investment. The certificates are issued in respect of the irrigation works now being constructed in Upper Egypt. The charge upon the Government is absolute. The present certificates are part of £4,716,780, and as the works proceed the balance will be issued. Redemption will be by half-yearly payments from 1903 to 1933. We think very well of the security.

Saturday, April 22, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. R.—(1) There is no market for these shares at present, but a boom would probably raise the price. The debentures will most likely be unsaleable, and we do not advise you to take them up. (2) A bad egg. (3) From inquiries we have made in Birmingham, we think the shares are worth keeping.

W. F. G. C.—We have written, as promised.

G. C. S.—We know nothing about the property, nor does anybody in the market. From the source the concern emanates, you had better have nothing to do with it.

Miss A.—Thanks for the ticket, which reached us too late.

YORKSHIRE.—(1) Hold on. The trading may well improve, and for the next three years you are safe to get 10 per cent. See this week's Notes.

WIDOW.—We cannot advise. In your position the best thing you can do is to burn all the touts' circulars that come to you.

BUDGET.—This is not the place to explain what we meant about the Chancellor of the Exchequer investing the Sinking Fund instead of buying Consols at absurd premiums. When we can find space, we will elaborate our last week's Note.

SCOT.—Your letter came too late for an answer last week. The Theatre shares are a fair speculative investment, and we should hold for a small premium.

OPEN MIND.—If you are taken in by the silly clap-trap of Halford's circular, by all means speculate through that firm. The whole thing is a blind pool, with Messrs. Halford running the stock against you. Nobody but a fool would play such a game.

J. S.—(1) We know nothing against this Insurance company, but it is of the ragged division and not first-class. (2) Hold, unless you can get a reasonable profit. (3) The concern is a good one, but the price is high. Buy Ordinary, if any. (4) Imperial Continental Gas Stock, United States Brewing 6 per cent. Debentures, and City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds would suit for what you want.

E. W. B.—We should hold the Deferred stock. The Stock Conversion Trust could not "act fraudulently," and would not if it could. Splitting would not hurt this stock.

W. G. W.—There is no objection to your holding both the Debenture stock and the shares if you want reasonably safe interest.

SIMPLE.—(1) Take your profit. (2) See answer to "J. S.," and add United States Debenture Corporation Preference shares or Industrial Trust United Stock.

C. J.—The second debentures are not an investment we should select. You can get as good interest with a more marketable security without difficulty.

UNFORTUNATE SPECULATOR.—If the income is not vital to you, hold the Railway. The Meat shares appear very hopeless.

BREWERY.—In consequence of your letter being wrongly addressed—read the note at the head of this column—it has reached us too late to make inquiries. We will do so, and reply next week.

No fewer than 18,590 dozen fine champagnes and clarets will be sold by public auction by Mr. J. W. Bashford, at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, Mincing Lane, E.C., on Thursday, May 4. These include the well-known brand of Veuve Monnier et ses fils of the 1889 and 1892 vintages, special cuvée, and many well-known Château Clarettes, such as Château Latour (Grand Vin), Château Gréaud Larose, Château Leoville Barton, Château Pontet Canet, Château Latour Carnet, Crû Clos Fourtet (this being the entire growth). This affords an excellent opportunity to consumers who can buy several dozens for cash of obtaining such well-known wines at first-hand prices. It does not, however, involve personal attendance, objectionable to some people, as the auctioneer will execute commissions for those who wish to buy.